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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



LAST SCENE FROM THE NEW DRAMA OF "ARRAH-NA-POGUE," AT THE ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. (See page 663.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquest at the Queen Elizabeth tavern, Graham-street, Dalston, upon the body of Elizabeth Carmichael, aged forty-two years, who cut her throat, after murdering her nephew Henry Joseph Smith, on the 3rd inst., under circumstances fresh in the public recollection. Dr. Christian Beaumont then said deceased was admitted to the German Hospital with a very severe wound in the throat. The windpipe was cut completely through, and the roots of the tongue were wounded. The gash extended back to the spine. The wound might either have been inflicted from right to left, or the contrary. On the day after her admission he asked her, in the presence of Inspector Morris, whether she wished to make a statement, but she wrote the word "No." She afterwards, however, admitted that she had inflicted the wounds herself. The post mortem examination showed that there was hyperæmia, or congestion of the dura mater and other membranes of the brain. That would occasion great irritability of temper. The jury returned a verdict "That deceased died from wounds in her throat caused by her own act while of unsound mind."

A very lamentable accident occurred at the Dover Harbour Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway on Saturday night, resulting in the death of M. Sochaczewski, the agent for the Belgian Government and mail packet service at Dover. Upon the arrival of the 10 33 p.m. express train M. Sochaczewski was running along the down platform, when he came in contact with a post which supports the temporary roof of the station; the concussion threw him backwards, and he fell powerless over the side of the platform. The train coming on at this moment, the engine and tender passed over the unfortunate man; and his arm and one leg were cut completely off, while his body was also frightfully mutilated. M. Sochaczewski was removed to the platform, and Dr. Gill was immediately in attendance; but the unfortunate gentleman died in about an hour, during which time, however, he was sufficiently conscious to acknowledge that it was purely an accident, and that no fault could be attributed to any one.

On Sunday afternoon an accident occurred at the passenger Station at Ludgate-hill, of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, which happily was unattended with serious consequences. The following may be taken as an official statement of the occurrence:—At that part of the line northward beyond the present temporary station there were nine girders resting a dead weight upon the walls which were to support the iron roof intended to be placed there; but, it being considered advisable to have a lighter roof, that portion which had been fitted was removed and a substantial derrick had been of course put up to support the girders in the unfinished state of the roof. An iron band went the whole length of the roof, and the derrick supported that band which held the girders. It is supposed that the high wind which prevailed must have acted on the face of the girders and shaken the derrick, which slipped and fell, the band of course giving way, and the girders coming down. The crash, as might be supposed, was alarming, and a large crowd immediately gathered; but Inspector Scott, with Sergeant Grove, from the Fleet street police-station, was soon on the spot with a body of men, and prevented the crowd getting near any dangerous places. Happily there was not even the slightest cause for fear, as the hoarding outside the walls was sufficiently deep to prevent any portion of the brickwork falling into the roadway, even if such a catastrophe as the walls giving way had happened. As it was, the girders fell on to the line, and no further damage ensued.

We regret to learn from a contemporary that Mr. Cobden is suffering from a severe attack of bronchial asthma, the same complaint from which he suffered after meeting his constituents at Rochdale in November last. Since that time, although daily improving in health, and requiring, as he recently expressed himself, only a few days of summer weather for his complete restoration, he has been almost entirely confined to his house at Midhurst until Tuesday week, on which day he left for London, intending to take part in the debate on the vote for the fortifications in Canada. Almost immediately on his arrival in town he felt that he had undertaken more than his strength was equal to, and he experienced a relapse of a very severe character. We are glad to be able to report that during Saturday and Sunday a favourable change took place, and it is now thought that with strict confinement to a moderate temperature, perfect quiet, and complete abstinence from public or private business, his recovery may not be long delayed. At present, however, he is not permitted to see even his most intimate friends.

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY is, we believe, an opponent of parliamentary oaths; he has now consistently come forward as a denouncer of private swearing. He mysteriously alluded, last Monday night, to some general officer who had used words of white heat to those under his command, and he confided his name in private to Lord Harrington with a view to investigation and reproof. We have no doubt that the Chaplain-General has already held serious converse with the general as to the more lasting consequences which such language will entail, and that the Commander-in-Chief has appropriately warned him of the more immediate effects which this falling must bring about as regards his military career. In the latter respect, however, the general in question may laugh at, or, if he prefer it, may use equally strong language to the House of Commons, Sir John Trelawny, and the authorities altogether. He has got his regiment, retires from his command in July next, and, as it never was intended to translate him, he loses nothing earthly by this somewhat late exposure of his weakness, or rather strength of tongue. We fear that the infirmity, however, is not confined to one eminent general, and that when Sir John Trelawny's mysterious allusion was read a good deal of unconscious blushing must have taken place in the upper regions of command.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—We now have April upon us, and yet very little has been done out of doors up to this time. A great portion of the work set down for the past three weeks has still to be done, consequent upon the frosts. Probably we may be benefited by this in the end, as the snow and frosts have had the effect of checking weeds, enriching the ground, and killing grub. To give out more work, then, for next week, with last week's yet undone, is almost useless. We must almost give a recapitulation. Sow hardy annuals and ten-week stocks; plant pinks, pansies, and remaining bulbous roots; finish transplanting roses; plant alpine on rock-work; pot carnations and plants for blooming; and plant out where they are to remain to flower.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow broad beans, peas, carrots, turnips, onions, radishes, lettuce, parsley, basil; also broccoli, borecole, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, cabbage, kale, &c. Plant potatoes for general crop as soon as possible. Sow annual herbs, and propagate others by cuttings or parting the roots. Finish planting garlic and shallots. Sow rhubarb and spinach.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Finish pruning gooseberries and currants. Prune and nail wall trees, and protect before the blossom opens Rab off useless vine shoots. Finish grafting, and see that previous grafts are going on well. Plant strawberries, and finish spring dressing of old beds.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The Empress, a few days back, visited the printing establishment of M. Paul Dupont, at Orléans, where women are employed as compositors. Her Majesty was accompanied by two of her ladies of honour—Mademoiselle Bouvet, her reader, and the Marquis de Fleurance, one of her chamberlains. Baron Hansmann had also arrived shortly before to await the Empress. M. Dupont conducted his visitor and suite first to the women's composing-rooms, and the workshops where other women were employed in folding, stitching, &c. The Empress passed through the rooms, occasionally approaching the women to examine their occupation, and addressing them most kindly. While in the machine-room, her Majesty was requested by M. Dupont to take hold of the lever of a small press, and immediately there was taken from it an acrostic composed in her honour, printed in gold letters on satin. The Empress also inserted in one of the presses a sheet of white paper, which issued bearing in variegated colours the mention of her Majesty's visit, and also accompanied by a reference to a visit to the printing-office of Robert Esienne made by Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, on the same day of the month of March, in 1566.

A mysterious affair, which recalls to mind both the execution of Dr. La Pomeraye and the trial of Trompy-Demmes at Bernes, at present occupies the attention of all the inhabitants of a small town in Normandy. A physician is said to have committed a triple murder. The doctor is accused of having murdered the husband of a young woman of whom he was passionately fond. He is said further to have insured the life of his own wife for a large sum and then poisoned her. An unfortunate young woman is said to be the third victim, likewise poisoned in consequence of having several times drunk potions intended for her master. It appears that the grave had scarcely closed on the three victims when the doctor and his accomplices caused their names to be published, and suspicious having been roused by their marriage the judicial authorities caused an inquiry to be instituted, which it is believed will bring the accused to trial.

It is confirmed that the Emperor and Empress will visit Lyons next month. Whether his Majesty will follow Prince Napoleon to Algeria, as some say, I think very doubtful. There is a rumour that the Emperor contemplates making a systematic tour, which will last several years, through the French provinces, in order to introduce the Imperial Princes to his future subjects. The south of France is to be the first stage, and to have its turn this year.

When the petition, got up in the Corps Legislatif, praying the Government to purchase the Duc de Morny's gallery of pictures for the perpetual decoration of the presidential palace, was handed for signature to M. Glatigny, he at once affixed his name, but appended to it these qualifying words, "On condition that the deputies pay the price out of their own pockets."

The Duke de Morny's stud, consisting of 160 horses, is to be brought to the hammer on April 8th.

VENETIA.

The *Gazzetta della Romagna* of the 19th inst. publishes the following intelligence from Venetia:—

"Some new outbreak is apprehended, and this appears to be confirmed by a despatch addressed by the Austrian Minister of War direct to General Benedek, commandant of the corps d'armes in Italy. The despatch in question is as follows:—

"Ministry of War, to his Excellency General Benedek. 'Trustworthy intelligence received from abroad informs us that a fresh Garibaldian movement will be attempted in the Venetian provinces during the present spring; your excellency will therefore adopt all those measures pointed out by me last year, which were carried out with the most complete success by your excellency, with the assistance of General Kriemle, the Minister of War.'

"FRANK."

AMERICA.

The New York correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"I learn on good authority that General Grant is quite convinced that Richmond is impregnable unless by a combined military and naval assault, both to be made by a colossal force, and that he has persuaded the President, Mr. Stanton, and Mr. Welles to place at his disposal a strong fleet of gunboats, ironclads, and monitors, to be commanded by Admiral Farragut, and force the passage of the James River to within shelling distance of Richmond. It is calculated that the assault will be costly in human life, but that, if vigorously conducted by the land and naval forces, it will result in such a splendid victory as virtually to end the war. At the great inauguration ball at Washington on Monday evening last, at which the gallant and joyous Farragut distinguished himself as much in the dance as he always does in battle, he turned to the President, who stood close by and looked on approvingly, and said, *sotto voce*, but loud enough to be heard by several persons, 'My next dance, Mr. President, will be at Richmond.' Admiral Porter's fleet is, it appears, to be withdrawn from Wilmington to augment the force at Admiral Farragut's disposal, and the grand assault is to be made as soon as it is possible to organize the details and make all necessary arrangements."

General Lee reported that the Federals advancing on Kingston, North Carolina, were attacked four miles from that place by General Bragg, and driven back three miles, with the loss of 1,500 prisoners, three cannon, and many killed and wounded, which were left on the field. The Confederate loss was small.

Despatches from Fort Monroe to the Navy Department state that Schfield occupied Kingston on the 30th Bragg having retired towards Goldsborough. The courier who brought Sheridan's despatches to Grant states that Sheridan reconnoitred Lynchburg, but found its garrison reinforced and its defences too strong to attack. They add that he was endeavouring to reach White House, on the Pamunkey.

General Sherman has informed Hampton that he had ordered the execution of twenty-six prisoners in retaliation for a similar number of foragers having been murdered after capture. Hampton replied that he would execute two prisoners for every Confederate soldier murdered by Sherman. The foragers, he said, had burnt dwellings, and he had ordered the shooting down of all house-burners. He should hold fifty-six hostages for the soldiers Sherman had ordered to be executed. The Confederate Senate has endorsed Hampton's answer.

The *Tribune* says there is a story afloat that a Federal commissioner has been for several weeks at Montreal negotiating with the leaders of the Annexation party for obtaining information of the feeling of the people on the subject of the union of Canada with the United States.

Grant reports the receipt of a letter from Sherman, dated Fayetteville, the 12th instant, wherein the latter states that the army was in good condition, and had met with no serious opposition. Hardee keeps in his front at a respectful distance. At Columbia Sherman had destroyed immense arsenals, railroad establishments, and forty-three cannon. At Ocheraw he found much machinery, war material, and twenty-five cannon, and 3,600 barrels of powder; and at Fayetteville he found twenty guns and much other material. The bearer of the despatches says that before daylight on the 10th instant the Confederate General Hampton, with two brigades, attacked the rear of Kilpatrick's headquarters and captured all his staff. Kilpatrick, however, escaped, formed his men, and drove the

enemy back with great loss, and recaptured nearly all he had lost. Hampton lost eighty-six men, left dead on the field.

We give on page 669 two more sketches of the American war; one of them, "Killing Time in Winter Quarters," and the other, "Inside the Outer Works of Grant's Army before Richmond." Sherman in his last despatches represents the weather as terrific, and raining almost incessantly.

General News.

Few or none—and we include men of learning and rank—are aware that nine English peers, of the Upper House, or second estate, have greater landed and house property in London, west and north-west of Temple-bar, than any ninety or more commoners, of the Lower House, or the third estate. Here are the names of the nine lucky lords:—1. The Duke of Bedford; 2. The Duke of Portland; 3. The Marquis of Exeter; 4. The Marquis of Salisbury; 5. The Marquis of Northampton; 6. The Marquis of Westminster; 7. The Marquis of Camden; 8. Earl Craven; 9. Earl of Portland. No other nine peers or M.P. or London citizens of "credit and renown" can be pitted, we repeat, against these nine peers as owners of London property west of Temple-bar and without the jurisdiction of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, and the oaken truncheons of the Peers of the City police.—*Builder.*

We regret to announce the sudden death of Sir H. P. Wills, Bart., M.P. for Evesham. The hon. baronet was discovered by his valet dead in his bed, on going to call him shortly before nine o'clock in the morning. Medical aid was instantly sought, and in a few minutes Dr. Brewer, of Great George-street, was in attendance. It was then found that life was quite extinct, and it is supposed the hon. member had been dead about an hour, for his body was warm, although his extremities were cold. Dr. Brewer and the professional gentleman called in were unanimously of opinion that death arose from a diseased heart. It was known to his medical advisers that he suffered from *angina pectoris*.

The colonelcy of the 59th (2nd Nottinghamshire) Infantry has become vacant in consequence of the death of Major-General John Clark, K.H.

The noblemen and gentlemen who have determined on promoting the erection of a cathedral as a memorial to the late Cardinal Wiseman have called a public meeting, which is to be held on the 25th of May (Ascension Day) in the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover-square.

An Australian paper states that pheasants, partridges, and hares are multiplying fast in the woods around Geelong, in Victoria.

Mr. Faxon, of Beaumonts, near Epsom, has issued an address to the electors of Chester, stating that it is his intention to become a candidate for their suffrages at the next general election.

The Berlin Tribunal has cited Prince Felix of Hohenlohe, whose residence is unknown, to appear and answer actions for debt. The prince's four chateaux in Western Prussia have been seized at the instance of his creditors.

CASE OF BIGAMY.

At the Cork Assizes on Saturday, a person in the position of a gentleman, William O'Dwyer, a middle-aged man, of very respectable appearance, was charged with having, on the 5th of July, 1863, intermarried with Minnie Noble, his wife, Frances M. C. Taylor, being then alive. The prisoner, pleading for mitigation of punishment, told the following story:—He married his wife, Mrs Taylor, in 1851. She was a respectable lady, and her father, who died in 1826, had left her £4,000. Her fortune was entirely spent in 1850, except a sum of £700 or £800, the whole of which he had settled on herself. There was a great disparity of years between them, and, after living together for a few weeks, she "took a flight" and left him, and for months he did not hear of her. From that time to the present, until he saw her in court, he had never seen his wife. Some years ago, her money being all spent, he sent her some money, and since then he had frequently sent her money, but for more than twelve years there had been no personal communication between them. In 1861 he met Miss Noble; he liked her then, and he liked her still. He did not deceive her; he told her his wife was alive, but that they had been separated for twelve years, and that he wished the marriage was void. He consulted seven or eight legal gentlemen, and among others two eminent solicitors in Bristol, whom he named. They all told him over and over that a marriage by a priest between a Catholic and a Protestant was null and void. If he had imagined he should have to stand in the dock he would not have married Miss Noble; but this he must say, there was no deception practised on her. She followed him to several places, and at last he married her. She had a son, and he intended, as soon as he got out of gaol, to provide for her and his son as well he could. He concluded by saying his case was a horrible one. He had acted in ignorance of the law, and he implored the judge to deal mercifully with him. The judge said that this statement had greatly aggravated the crime, as it showed he acted deliberately. He thought he might avail himself of an Act of Parliament to break a vow which was as binding in the eye of God as if marriage were performed by fifty bishops, with all the solemnity of religion between persons of the same denomination. Fortunately, the registrar was present, and the marriage was perfectly legal. He had also attempted to blast the character of the young lady whom he had seduced. He (the judge) did not believe Miss Noble knew that the prisoner had a wife living. He saw no difference between this crime and violation, and he could not pass a less sentence than penal servitude for five years.

A ROMANTIC COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—The *Sunderland Times* prints the following:—"Some time ago the mate of a Sunderland vessel, while at a Chinese port, fell ill of fever, and subsequently died. An Englishman and his wife, living in the land of 'barbarians,' were kind to the dying man, and in his last moments strove by their attentions to ease, as far as they could, his passage from this troublesome world. The kindness shown to the suffering seaman came to the knowledge of his widow in Sunderland, and she, in a letter to the Englishman and his wife, thanked them for what they had done, and begged they would, in return, send her their cares as a remembrance of the debt she owed them. After the lapse of some months she received an answer from the Celestial Empire from the Englishman, in which he conveyed the melancholy intelligence that shortly after the departure of the vessel to which the mate belonged he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who now lay interred by the side of his friend, the husband of the woman to whom he was writing. Acting upon the high encomiums he had heard of the character and qualities of his fair correspondent, he judged she was a suitable person to fill the place of his deceased partner, and at once 'popped the question,' giving as a reason for his promptness that so long a time was required for the transmission of a letter and its answer, it would be half a year before he knew what her reply would be. Enclosed was his portrait, and he begged a return of the favour. The letter, as may well be imagined, was a surprise to the widow; but, after weighing all the circumstances, she consented to be 'wooed.' The courtship, thus strangely commenced, continued to progress until a few weeks ago, when the happy man who was to be the bridegroom arrived in England, was not long in finding his way to Sunderland, and the 'banns' were at once proclaimed in Bishopwearmouth Church."

THE CASE.
THOMAS ELLIS, alias John Morgan, was indicted for burglary, for theft, perjury, and forgery, to each of which he pleaded "Not guilty." The prisoner, on being placed in the dock, looked rather careworn, but as any last came out in the course of the evidence that tended to show, in a strong light, the gallantry of the police or magistrates, his features relaxed into a smile, and evidently no one present enjoyed such jokes better.

Prisoner was put upon his trial for stealing the property of Mr. Ashworth, the other indictments being reserved.

The case having been opened by Mr. Boughay, who, with Mr. More, prosecuted, the following facts were sworn to:—On the 28th December, 1864 Inspector Cross, of the Shrewsbury police force, was accused by a young man (prisoner), who stated that he was a member of the Carmarthen borough police, and held a warrant for the apprehension of a man who had stolen from a hotel at that place a watch and other articles. The watch, he said, he had traced to a watchmaker in Aberdare, where the party "wanted" had sold it for £15, though it was of the value of £30. He added that the delinquent, by way of keeping his hand in, had purloined a ring from an hotel at that place, and expressed his belief that he would be in Shrewsbury that night. Cross took him to the police-office, and introduced him to the chief-constable, to whom Ellis showed what he purported to be a warrant; and as, like a vigilant officer, he expressed a wish to prosecute his search at once, a first-class constable was allotted to assist him. The pair visited the various hotels and some of the better sort of inns, Ellis exhibiting his liberality in the shape of sundry potatoes of rum. The search, however, was fruitless that night, and the Carmarthen detective repaired to his quarters. The next morning he again, about half-past ten, paid a visit to the police-office, his face radiant, for he had obtained information that his man had arrived, and had taken up his quarters at the Raven Hotel. His assistant of the previous day was once more ordered to accompany him, and to the Raven the pair went, and there found in the coffee-room, just sitting down to breakfast, a gentleman exactly answering the description Morgan had given of the thief for whom he was looking. Morgan went up to him, and informed him that he held a warrant for his arrest, on a charge of stealing a watch and other property from an hotel in Carmarthen. The gentleman manifested no little surprise, said his name was Charles Ashworth, and declared that he had not been to Carmarthen, and that he had dined at his club in Manchester the previous evening, at the same time producing his bill, which Morgan speedily appropriated. Morgan persisted that Mr. Ashworth was the person described in the pretended warrant, and asked for what property he had on his person, stating at the same time that he must examine his (Mr. Ashworth's) luggage. Mr. Ashworth, under the advice of the "first-class constable," put on the table his watch, ring, purse, and money (£8 in gold and 17s 6d in silver). There was also a farthing in the purse, and this farthing Morgan averred was amongst the things stolen from Carmarthen. He took possession of the whole, and, producing a key, said if the gentleman present was the person he was in search of, it would unlock his portmanteau. Mr. Ashworth's portmanteau was shown him, and, oddly enough, as the lock was said not to be a common one, it did unlock it easily. A fly was then procured, and Mr. Ashworth was conveyed to the police-station, and from thence to the police-court, at which latter place he stated that his name was Charles Ashworth, that he resided in Lancashire, and was on a visit to a relative at Stanley Hall, Salop. Morgan swore that he believed the ring and farthing he had taken from Mr. Ashworth had been stolen from the hotel in Carmarthen; and the magistrates were about to remand Mr. Ashworth. But against this Mr. Ashworth protested, and asked permission to be allowed to telegraph to his friends, or that the police be instructed to do so; but a hint from Morgan that "there was another in the job" was enough, and Mr. Ashworth was returned to the police-station, where he contrived to induce one of the officers to inquire if the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Bachurch, near Shrewsbury, was in town. He happened to be so, and was found, and, on being taken to the station, he at once recognised Mr. Ashworth as an intimate friend. Discovering the mistake, the police were rather crest-fallen; but it appeared that they could not liberate Mr. Ashworth till next morning, so they took him to the chief-constable's house and made him as comfortable as they could. The next day he went before the magistrates and was at once discharged, with some apologies for the inconvenience he had been put to. It was a remarkable circumstance, but seems to have excited no suspicion in the minds of either magistrates or police, that "John Morgan" did not attend on that day. Neither did he come the next; a note reaching the chief constable from the chief at Carmarthen enclosing a note the latter had received from Morgan to the effect that he had captured his man, and, with a rich bit of satire, that he "had received every assistance it was possible to require from the Shrewsbury police." It was deemed well to institute some inquiries, which resulted in the discovery that Morgan was a swindler who had, on the morning of the day on which he appeared at Shrewsbury, been discharged from Swansea gaol. He was, on the 12th January, handed over to the police at Liverpool by his father; and was the next day taken to Salop, and was there committed for trial. He stated on his examination then that the warrant was dated 1851, and was addressed to the constables of the county of Denbigh; and, moreover, that he had stolen such warrant of one of the warders of Swansea gaol, who had formerly been connected with the Denbigh-shire force. Notice to produce this warrant was served on the prisoner, but as it was not forthcoming it may be assumed that the story was a mere fiction.

Mr. Neale, in addressing the jury for the defence, humorously alluded to the part both police and magistrates had taken in the affair, and held that, as Mr. Ashworth only gave up his property under pressure from Police-constable Adams, prisoner could not be guilty, under the first and main count in the indictment demanding money with menace. He also said that he had been instructed that the ring alluded to was given to Mr. Ashworth by a lady, and that a number of Mr. Ashworth's friends had determined to have it, and employed prisoner to effect their object, and thus rendered Mr. Ashworth the victim of a stupid hoax; but Mr. Ashworth, in his cross-examination, had denied that the ring was the gift of a lady, and his lordship, in summing up, observed that he believed there was as much foundation for the story as there was for any one in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The jury almost immediately found a verdict of "Guilty." His lordship sentenced prisoner to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

"And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;
' Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.'"
—SHAKESPEARE.

Benson's Pocket Dials are artistic, accurate time-markers, made in every size, suitable for everybody, and are sent to every part of the kingdom, safe by post, at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, and 35 guineas in gold cases; and at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25 guineas in silver cases. A descriptive pamphlet post free for two stamps.—J. W. Benson, Ludgate-hill, watch and clock maker to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. (Advertisement.)

BOOKBINDER! EXCHANGE! FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 144, Holborn Bars, London. (Advertisement.)

MATRIMONIAL SWINDLE IN SHEFFIELD.

Less than a month ago, a girl, his name and address, furnishes us twenty-eight years of age, answering an advertisement in a paper, engaged apartments in Regent-street. The landlady was delighted to have her rooms occupied; and the young gentleman, on his part, expressed himself highly pleased with the domestic comforts of the new home. He represented himself as the son of a large engineer in London, come down to Sheffield to improve himself at the works of his father's friend, Mr. Charles Cammell, and he excused his scarcity of luggage by saying his parents were coming to Sheffield in a few days, and would then bring all his wardrobe with them. A fortnight passed away, and the young gentleman became very devoted to a photograph of the landlady's niece, which hung temptingly over the mantelpiece. The young lady was at that time in Manchester, and such was the infatuation of the landlady that she positively wrote for her niece to come to Sheffield. This call was dutifully complied with. The sandy-complexioned young gentleman became overwhelmed with affection at first sight, and, of course, his connexions being so high, a refusal on the young lady's part was never thought of. An evening's walk was taken to our respected vicar's, to ascertain the most speedy way of tying the nuptial knot. Carriages were ordered of Mr. Mitchell, beer was ordered of Messrs. Tennant, dresses were bought, and all was arranged for the great event to take place last Tuesday. The sandy-complexioned young gentleman, by means of forged letters, had persuaded the confiding ladies that his mother and sisters would arrive on the Monday afternoon, and attend the bridal party to church on the Tuesday. At the same time they would also bring his ample wardrobe and £80 to pay the expenses of the approaching wedding. Train after train arrived on Monday, but no sisters or mother. However, he went alone to meet the seven o'clock train, and has not yet returned. The landlady supplied his wants to the sum of £15, and in return has got the sandy-complexioned young gentleman's portrait, taken by Mr. Atkinson, with herself on one side and her niece on the other. The niece held valuable documents relating to property, sealed and carefully protected by a great deal of brown paper. Whilst waiting for his return from the station the landlady broke open the sealed parcel, and found, after a very careful search, a copy of the *Independent*, dated March 13. The young gentleman asserted that it was imperative for him to be married by the 25th of March, as there was a large property in Chancery that clearly belonged to him, but in order to obtain the same he must be married. The landlady and niece are now doing penance by partaking of cold dinners for the rest of the week from the profusion that was ordered for a wedding that did not take place.—*Sheffield Independent*

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

In the Manchester Sheriff's Court a jury was empanelled to assess the amount of damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Serjeant Simon, in stating the case to the jury, said the plaintiff, Miss Ann Sykes, was a lady of very prepossessing appearance, about forty-seven years of age, who lived in Victoria-terrace, Stand, near Manchester. The defendant, Mr. T. H. G. Barry, was about two years older, had private property, was the manager of the Manchester Corporation Waterworks, and was at the time of his engagement to Miss Sykes a widower. He resided at Sedgley Bank, Higher Broughton. The proposal was made on Sunday, the 29th March, 1863, and the promise was supported by several letters he afterwards wrote to her. On the 17th of January, 1862, he wrote a note to "Dear Ann," saying, "I send you here with a bottle of the all-famous oil, which I am sure will improve your hair. It is very dear, but so small a quantity suffices, if properly applied, it will last a long time." He gradually waxed in warmth from "Dear Ann" to "My Dear Ann," and then came a letter, written on a Monday evening, addressed to "My dear love," in which he stated, for her gratification, that he had been to that terrible fellow, Hooton, who had, without the slightest pity, dragged out five of his unfortunate teeth, leaving his mouth a perfect honeycomb.

On the 3rd of April he wrote to her from Gamber-street, Duke-street, Southport, to say he had arrived safely, and added:—"The thing I now miss is the Darby and Joan business which you previously described to Charlotte, and I shall not be content until it is revived. I feel a most extraordinary change to have come over me, and but for having arrived at a reasonable age I should almost fancy myself rather spoony. You must come down and see us all dressed up for Fred's wedding, and give us your opinion of our taste, and if satisfactory, it may suit another occasion." The plaintiff's sister was in the room on the Sunday he proposed, and he asked her to go out, and in her absence he made the proposal. It was in reference to this that the following passage was written:—"Give my love to Sarah, and tell her not to be offended at being ordered out of her room, as I had something to say, as you know, which nobody else should hear. Accept my dearest and truest love, and trusting you are very well and very happy, I am, my dearest Ann, yours for ever," "T. H. G. Barry."

On the 29th of April the defendant wrote to "Dear Miss Ann Sykes, my dearest love for ever and ever, amen." In that letter occurred the following passage:—"Now, my dearest, dearest love, when shall we have such another very happy evening? I am completely undone after it, how are you? We must meet soon, therefore don't fail to call when you are out, as Willie (his son) is away, and we can be alone. I will soon be with you again at Whitefield, when your sweetness and good sense will again delight me. True hearts can be understood," but one cold and the other hot no fellow can possibly understand." He had also sent Miss Sykes a piece of poetry, as follows:—

A MAY DAY ODE.

Dear Miss Ann Sykes,
'Tis you I like,
So don't make any bother;
You know full well
I never shall tell
This tale to any other.
So let us onward through life's way,
Regardless of high rank,
Each other's happiness promote
Upon this Sedgley Bank.
So if you now are thus inclined
Our hearts here to make merry,
You will in me, love, always find
Your own T. H. G. Barry.

Soon afterwards he sent another stanza from Southport:—

"Duck of the Village!

Oh! Miss Ann, Miss Ann,
How could you use me so?
I've heard of many a breeze before,
But never such a blow.

Here I am, thank goodness, safe and sound, but being alone in silent sorrow to mourn, I'm not myself at all.

Your spoonery work acts like a Turk
Upon my tender frame,
And I shan't at all be quite content
Until you change your name.

A line you must send soon, love,
Containing kisses sweet,
Which I will treasure in my breast
Until we both do meet.

Sure and could you not have found something to do in Manchester our next time off, that might have been the means of bringing all at. I shall almost begin to love you; you did not scheme at all to move about, and that you would almost like constantly to be behind your screen, making a constant family portrait than trip to this ere man. Is it so? Tell me in your next, or I shall be vexed, and perhaps cast you off for ever. Then what will you say?" He wrote to her many other letters similar to those which had been read. He appointed the wedding day, and prepared a list of persons who were to be invited to the ceremony, and others who were to be at the wedding breakfast. Subsequently the wedding day was postponed from time to time, and he then managed to pick a quarrel. It was a mere lover's tiff, in which she refused to kiss him when he was taking his leave of her for the night. He subsequently married another woman, and for the breach of his promise to the plaintiff an action was brought. The breach was admitted, and all the jury had to do was to say how much he should pay for the disappointment.

The Assessor briefly summed up; and

The jury, after deliberating for half an hour, assessed the damages at £1,250.

MURDER NEAR SHEFFIELD.

A VERY shocking murder was committed in the mining village of Chapeltown, near Sheffield, on Saturday morning. A woman named Elizabeth Drabble, sixty-one years of age, for a number of years past has lived in a small cottage at Greenhead, Chapeltown. A young man named Solomon Stenson, her grandson, lived with her. It appears that when a child his parents died, and that since that time he has been brought up by the deceased. He is twenty-one years of age, and is a labourer employed at the Thorncliffe Ironworks. Persons in the immediate neighbourhood state that he has frequently ill-used the deceased and threatened to murder her. He has frequently been brought before the magistrates on charges of assaults. In consequence of his drunken habits, the deceased has been accustomed to draw his wages every alternate Friday evening. On Friday evening week she went to Morionlay, for this purpose, and upon arriving there she found Stenson in a public house. About twelve o'clock he went into a public-house at Chapeltown. He left it at closing time with a companion named Hanson, and his grandmother urged him to go home. He then struck her over the head, knocked her down several times, and kicked her with great violence, in spite of the efforts made by Hanson to prevent him. After she had been knocked down the fourth time she did not move. Hanson called out, "she is dead," and ran off for the nearest medical man, and Dr. Drew was shortly in attendance. His assistance, however, was of no avail, for upon reaching the spot he found the old woman was really dead. Stenson went away apparently unconcerned. Police-sergeant Tomlinson went to the house of the deceased, where he found Stenson, who by this time was perfectly sober. Tomlinson charged him with having killed his grandmother, and he replied, "I have been in many scrapes, but this is the worst of them all." On Saturday, at the Town-hall, Stenson was brought up in the custody of Inspector Boucher, charged with the murder of the deceased. No evidence was offered, and a general remand was applied for and granted.

EXECUTION AT LANCASTER.

STEPHEN BURKE, upon whom sentence of death was passed a fortnight ago for the murder of his wife, at Preston, on the 20th of January last, was hanged at Lancaster on Saturday. Colourful was the execution. The circumstances connected with the tragedy for which Burke was hanged have already appeared in our columns. Burke was an Irishman, forty years of age, a tailor by trade, a native of Sligo, and had for about twenty years lived in Preston. During the past few years he had lived a very idle, drunken life, and had frequently been before the magistrates at Preston for drunken and disorderly conduct, &c. On Sunday, the 29th of January last, he went out drinking; in the afternoon he returned the worse for liquor; afterwards he quarrelled with his wife, and early next morning he struck her two violent blows with a bed-post on the side of the head and killed her. The execution took place at noon on Saturday. Up to eleven o'clock only about 300 persons were present. During the last hour the number was augmented to about 7,000. A few minutes before twelve o'clock Burke made his appearance upon the scaffold. The Rev. Father Brown, Roman Catholic priest, of Lancaster, accompanied him. As soon as he got upon the scaffold his lips moved very rapidly. He looked up, shook his head, and appeared to be praying very fervently. Whilst Burke was on the scaffold, one of his brothers from Preston, who was in the crowd, shouted out, "Stephen, Stephen," and fell back in a fainting fit. When the castle clock struck twelve, the bolt was drawn, and the wretched man fell with a dull crash, and all was over almost instantly. A strip of black cloth was hung around the drop, and this totally excluded Burke from the gaze of the public after the bolt was drawn.

WAGES OF POST-OFFICE OFFICIALS.—The following circular memorandum has been issued. Upon the recommendation of the Postmaster-General the lords of the Treasury have now sanctioned, as a permanent arrangement, the following wages for the minor establishment of the Post-office: 180 sorters, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 40s to 50s a week; 400 sorters, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 25s to 35s a week; 100 stampers, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 25s to 35s a week; 200 stampers, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 21s to 27s a week; 580 letter-carriers, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 26s to 30s a week; 670 letter-carriers, with wages rising by 1s a week, from 20s to 25s a week; and 100 supplementary letter-carriers, with wages of 18s a week; and in communicating this decision to the men it is necessary to remind them that, though their wages alone, looking to the general rate of wages, might be considered to remunerate them sufficiently, the benefit of their places is by no means confined to their bare wages, and that this is especially so in the case of the letter-carriers. To all, pensions are granted on their retirement, from age or sickness. All have a fair chance of rising to the several classes above them, the entire establishment of rising to the supplementary class. All have medical advice night's holiday every year on full pay. All have medical advice and medicines gratis, and when the medical officer reports it to be necessary that they should absent themselves from duty, they still receive two-thirds of their wages, and all have assistance in the insurance of their lives to the extent of one-fifth of the premium. Beyond this the letter-carriers are supplied with uniform clothing, the money value of which is equal to at least 1s. 6d. a week, and they receive from the public in gratuities at Christmas a sum which, if divided equally, and spread over the whole year, would produce on an average 5s. a week to each man. The places, therefore, of the regular letter-carriers—1,000 in number—are worth upon an average from 26s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. a week, apart from the other advantages. In comparing, too, these wages of the minor establishment with the wages of artisans, it must be borne in mind that they go on continuously throughout the whole year, and that the work in the Post-office is not liable to fluctuations which necessitate frequent change of abode.

GRAND BALL AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the French ambassador, gave at grand ball on Thursday evening, the 23rd, at the French Embassy at Albert-gate. The Prince and Princess of Wales having accepted the invitation to be present, great preparations were made for the fête. The grand staircase was decorated, and by 10 they arrived with gas. The ambassador received apartments on the principal storey were thrown open. Two were appropriated for dancing, and in an intervening ante-room the orchestra was placed, so that in the dancing took place in both apartments at the same time. In the dining-room, which communicates with the staircase, supper was served at one o'clock. The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce; the Princess Mary of Cambridge, attended by Lady Caroline Oust; and the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel the Hon. J. Macdonald, arrived shortly before eleven o'clock. The illustrious visitors were received on their arrival by the ambassador, attended by the members of the Embassy, including Baron de Baude, M. de Tramiel, the Marquis d'Audigne, the Count Montmarin, the Marquis Camont Lafosse, Capt. Pigeard, Vicount de Virel, and M. Roux. The Princess of la Tour d'Auvergne, mother of the ambassador, was introduced to the Prince and Princess of Wales by his excellency, and assisted in the honours of the reception. Dancing commenced soon after the arrival of the Prince and Princess and the members of the royal family. His Imperial Highness Prince Lucien Bonaparte was among the early arrivals. He was followed by the Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Tour and Taxis, and Prince Furstenberg. The ball was continued with much spirit until a late hour in the morning.

We herewith present our readers with two illustrations of the French Embassy,—the exterior view at Albert-gate, and the staircase of the Embassy.

New K.O.B.'s.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the appointment of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Frederick Wm. Grey, K.O.B., First Naval Lord of the Admiralty, to be a Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Admiral Grey is the third son of Charles, second Earl Grey, K.G., who was Premier in 1830. Sir Frederick never saw much active service. At the same time, her Majesty also approved of the appointment of Rear-Admiral Sydney Colpoys Dacres, O.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. Admiral (now Sir Sydney) Dacres, K.O.B., served with great distinction during the Spanish war, and was nominated for his services during that period a Knight of the Legion of Honour and of St. Ferdinand. In 1855 he served in command of the Sanspareil, 70, in the Crimea, and for his distinguished service was again nominated a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and a Knight of the Order of Medjidie, receiving the Cross of the Redeemer of Greece, the Order of St. Ferdinand, besides several medals and other decorations. Sir Sydney Dacres is the second son of the late Admiral Sir Richard Dacres, who represented a younger son of the ancient baronial house of Dacres of Gillesland.

The Emperor has sent to this country five presentation copies of his "Life of Julius Cæsar," with his autograph in each. We have reason to believe that of these copies one has been presented by him to her Majesty, another to Lord Palmerston, another to Lord Malmesbury, and another to Sir Henry Holland. Of the destination of the fifth we are not informed.

The Queen has signified her pleasure to confer one of the vacant Garter on the Duke of Cleveland.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH RECEIVING ADDRESS OF THE SENATE AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

On pages 664 and 665 we gave a full account of the reception of the Emperor by the Senate on Monday, March 20th. His reply to it was very short. His Majesty said:—

"Monsieur le Président,—I receive with pleasure the Address of the Senate; it is always a great satisfaction for me to find the acts of my Government justly appreciated by the first body in the State. Every year at the outset of the debates a certain anxiety prevails, as though it were imagined that divergency of opinion excluded a community of understanding; but the truth soon makes itself felt, the clouds disappear, the public mind grows reassured, and the almost unanimous vote of the address has just manifested the profound harmony which reigns between the Government and the deliberative assemblies. Montreuil says that 'Union in a

The following is the text of the letters of her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Emperor and Empress Maximilian. Translated from the Spanish:—

LETTER TO THE EMPEROR.

"My Brother,—Being desirous to give to your Imperial Majesty an immediate proof of my sincere friendship, and of my lively desire to maintain the most friendly relations between Great Britain and the empire to the sovereignty of which your Imperial Majesty has been called, I have determined to accredit near you the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, a member of my honourable Order of the Bath, in the character of my Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. By the long experience which I have of the capacity of Mr. Scarlett, and his zeal in my service, I am persuaded that he will fulfil the im-

portant duties of his mission in such a manner as to obtain the esteem and confidence of your Imperial Majesty, and that he will justify my choice of him as Resident Minister at your Court. In the meantime, I ask you to give entire credit to everything that Mr. Scarlett shall communicate to you in my name, especially when, in placing this letter in the hands of your Imperial Majesty, he assures you of my invariable esteem and of the highest consideration with which, I am, my brother, your Imperial Majesty's good sister.

(Signed)
"VICTORIA, Queen.
"To my good brother the Emperor of Mexico.
"Windsor Castle,
Nov. 9, 1864."

LETTER TO THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

"My Sister and dear Cousin,—Having selected the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, a member of my honourable Order of the Bath, to reside at the Court of the Emperor, the august husband of your Imperial Majesty, in the character of my Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, I have charged him with handing this letter to your Imperial Majesty, and I send you the assurance of my most sincere friendship and esteem. I am pleased to believe that your Imperial Majesty will favourably receive Mr. Scarlett, and will give entire credit to all that he may tell you in my name, and especially when he expresses the sentiments of invariable affection and consideration with which I am, my sister and dear cousin, your Imperial Majesty's affectionate sister and cousin.

(Signed)
"VICTORIA, Queen.
"To my good sister and dear cousin the Empress of Mexico.
"Windsor Castle,
No. 9, 1864."

REPLY TO THE EMPEROR'S LETTER ON HIS ACCESSION.

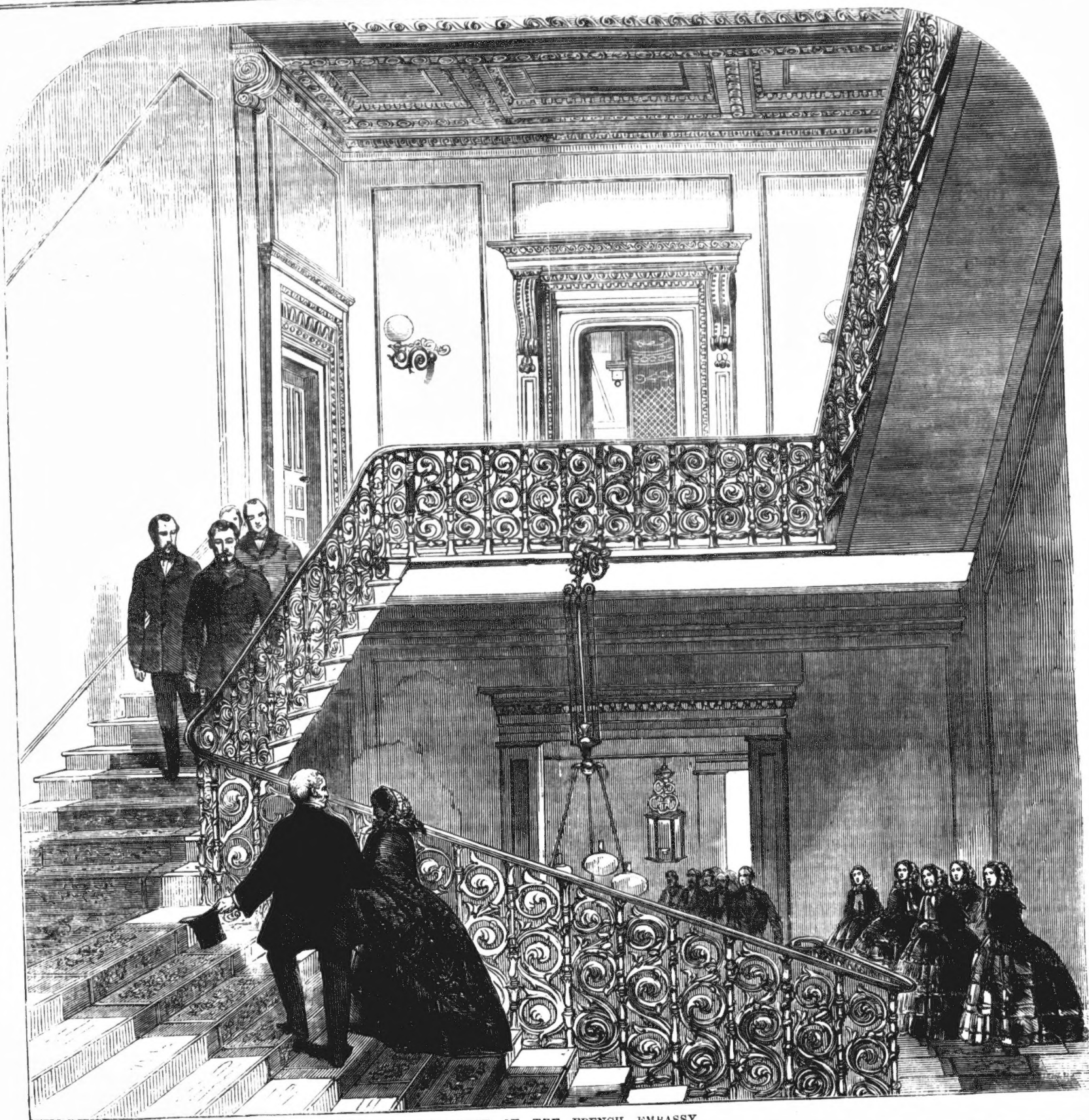
"My brother,—I received from the hands of Señor D. Francisco Arrangoiz the letter which your Imperial Majesty addressed to me on the 27th of June last, informing me that, having accepted in Europe the crown which the great majority of the Mexican people offered to you, your Imperial Majesty had taken possession of the throne on the 12th of that month, as Emperor of Mexico, in presence of the authorities of the capital and the committees from the departments. Your Imperial Majesty cannot doubt the interest with which this important occurrence inspires me. Profoundly interested in the tranquillity and well-being of Mexico, I trust that the establishment of the empire will be the beginning of a new era of order and prosperity for that country, and your Imperial Majesty may rest assured that I shall endeavour to improve and strengthen the relations between Great Britain and the empire which Divine Providence has placed under your authority. I avail myself with pleasure of this occasion to manifest to your Imperial Majesty my lively wish for your personal happiness, and for the long duration



EXTERIOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

political body resides in that harmony which causes every portion, however opposed in appearance, to contribute to the general welfare, in the same way as discords in music contribute to the general effect. Let us therefore not complain of these discords so long as they allow us to congratulate ourselves on that harmony which unites in one common thought of stability, order, and progress, the members of the assemblies, whom their personal merit and past services designate to the choice of the people or to that of the sovereign. I request you will convey to the Senate my sentiments and my confidence in its enlightenment and patriotism."

The Lord Chancellor has nominated the Rev. William Graham Greene, late chaplain of her Majesty's flag-ship Marlborough, to the rectory of Holy Trinity, Minorities (London), rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Thomas Hill, M.A.



STAIRCASE OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

and the glory of your reign, as well as the feelings of sincere friendship and cordial esteem with which I am, my brother, your Imperial Majesty's good sister,

(Signed)

VICTORIA, Queen.

"To my good brother the Emperor of Mexico.
"Windsor Castle, Nov. 10, 1864."

A LARGE FEE.—Speaking of doctors, perhaps the largest fee that has ever been given by any rank lower than royalty was lately bestowed on M. Nelaton, the famous surgeon. He has a private fortune of his own, besides that which he has acquired by practice, and he is no longer young. All these circumstances made him decline a call to go to Russia and give his opinion, and if necessary perform an operation there. He said that the payment he should require for the journey, &c., would be too high. "Name it," said the patient's friends. M. Nelaton put on what he thought would be a prohibitory price, 400,000 francs (£16,000), and he was immediately engaged at that sum.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

FOUR CHILDREN SUFFOCATED.—A fire broke out in a cupboard in the corner of a small sleeping-room at Solomon's lodging-house, 129, King-street West, Plymouth, shortly after four o'clock on Saturday morning, by which four children were suffocated. The room was only tenanted by the deceased—Charlotte Keynes, aged twelve years; William Keynes, ten; Bessie Keynes, four; and Emma Keynes, one year and eight months. Their father, a widower, a market-hawker, had left the evening before to attend Llanegston market, and the eldest child was left to take care of the rest. The fire was discovered by Police-constable Sheppard, of the borough police, and with the assistance of the neighbours, promptly extinguished, when the children were found in a bed, dead from suffocation, but their bodies very slightly scorched. The neighbourhood is thickly populated by the poor. The fire is supposed to have arisen from a light having been used in the night to tend the baby.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, the Colonial Naval Defence Bill was, on the motion of the Duke of Somerset, read a second time.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Cardwell stated, in reply to Mr. Dunlop, that the Canadian bishops were appointed by the clergy, and derived their civil status from the legislature there. With regard to the other colonies, no further letters patent for the creation of bishops would be issued until the recent decision of the Privy Council had been fairly considered by her Majesty's Government. The Attorney-General supplemented the reply by observing that it had been determined there were no legal dioceses in the Cape Colony or in Natal, and that consequently letters patent did not introduce into those colonies any part of the ecclesiastical polity of the United Church of England and Ireland, which they never give any legal authority to bishops which they could not obtain under the voluntary principle. On the motion for the second reading of the Unions Chargeability Bill, Mr. Villiers observed that the measure did not involve any new principle; but that, on the contrary, it was in strict conformity with the new poor law, and might be considered as a step in the direction of modern legislation. The measure which he now asked the house to sanction was recommended by the experience of the past, and by the remarkable disclosures which followed the agricultural distress of 1830. The promoters of the new poor law wished at the time that the union should supersede the parochial system; but they were defeated, and the law was launched with an attempt to combine the two systems. Experience, however, showed that the existing law had failed, because every variety of parochial system remained in force. Parochial liability having been retained, as also the power of managing the poor, all parishes had a common interest in "keeping down the poor," as it was called, which meant getting rid of them by any means. The result of this system was to lead to a capricious and unjust distribution of the

burden of maintaining the poor. He believed that the measure which the Government had prepared to meet this evil would be of considerable public benefit, that it would be a great boon to the poor, and that it would have the effect of putting the whole parochial system on a more healthy footing. Sir R. Knightley trusted that the question would not be viewed in a party spirit. He objected to the Bill because it affected the value of every acre of land in the country, and was of far too important a description to be discussed by a moribund parliament. He was therefore in favour of postponing legislation, in order that the question might be submitted to their constituents at the next general election. He also objected to the Bill, not only because it would interfere with property, but likewise because it would injure the interests of the labouring classes, who, in the dull seasons would be driven to the union workhouse instead of being assisted, as they now were, in their own cottages. The president of the Poor-law Board was not, in his opinion, competent to legislate on a question of this nature, as he never saw a green field except from the window of a railway carriage, and knew no more about the rural districts of England than of the interior of Africa. In conclusion, the hon. baronet moved as an amendment, "That considering the little knowledge this house possesses as to the practical working of the Irremovable Poor Act of 1861, it is inexpedient, without further information, to legislate on the subject of union rating during the present session." The amendment was seconded by Mr. Banks-Stanhope, who contended that the Bill would be an unjustifiable interference with property, and inflicts irreparable injury upon the poor of the rural districts. The amendment was put, and on a division the numbers were—for, 131; against, 203; majority, 72.

A new city is forming at North-Western Australia, to be called Palmerston.

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

No. 878. Price One Penny, now publishing, contains:—
GUY'S FOLLY; OR, THE SECRET OF THORNTON BEATH.

Illustrated by H. FRISCH.
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RAPHAEL.
 By A. DE LAMARTINE.—Illustrated by HENRY ARLEY.

THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

With a Portrait.
HULL; OR, KINGSTON-UPON-HULL.

Illustrated by W. H. PRIOR.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By LADY CLARA CAVENDISH.—Illustrated by F. GILBERT.
 The Philosopher's Stone—Gleanings and Gatherings—Clippings from "Punch," "Fun," and "Comic News."

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

THE HOME ANGEL.

The opening chapters of this new and charming novel, by

ELIZA WINSLOW,

with illustrations by T. H. WILSON, are now publishing in No. 30 of

BOW BELLS.

A real picture of life is the Home Angel, and beautifully is the character drawn. Just the story a man would like his wife to read. One Penny; all

booksellers.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	W.	A. M.	P. M.
1	S	All Fools' Day	5 29 5 51
2	S	Fifth Sunday in Lent	6 14 6 40
3	M	Garibaldi arrived in England, 1864	7 6 7 36
4	T	Storming of Shanghai, 1854	8 11 8 51
5	W	Battle of Jellalabad, 1842	9 31 10 13
6	T	Battle of Pittsburgh Landing, 1864	10 54 11 29
7	F	Cambridge Term ends	0 0 0 1
Moon's Changes.—First Quarter, 3rd, 1h. 19m. a.m.			
Sunday Lessons			
MORNING.		AFTERNOON.	
Exodus 2; John 20.		Exodus 5; Heb. 4.	

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

April 1.—All Fools' Day.—The practice of playing tricks upon simple folk is of ancient origin, and prevails also in France, where the victim is styled *Un poisson d'Auril*. A similar custom is prevalent among the Hindoos. Its origin, however, has never been satisfactorily explained by antiquarians.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

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S. B. T.—We can recommend you a London attorney practicing in the Divorce Court. Your's seems to be a simple case and ought not to cost you more than about thirty pounds. Send us your address.

JEM.—"Laf" is an abbreviation of the Saxon *lag day*, which signifies "bread given."

REQUIES.—You are in error. The Thames Tunnel is 1,300 feet in length. It was commenced in 1825, but for want of funds and the breaking in of the water, was not finally opened to the public until the Easter of 1843.

BURIAL.—The title of prices only belongs in this country to the sons and nephews of kings or queens. The first English duke, as we now apply the title, was Edward the Black Prince, whom his father created the Duke of Cornwall, a title now borne by the Prince of Wales.

L. B. (Eltham).—Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born at the Palace at Greenwich. The observatory was built for Charles II.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We answered the same question a short time since. If you marry a widow, you take upon yourself her liabilities if she has any.

A POOR WINDOW.—The best substitute for mother's milk is fresh cow's milk with the sixth part of tepid water and loaf sugar. It is superior to gruel, arrowroot, and pap. The infant requires feeding every two or three hours, and then laid in a warm cot on its right side.

B. R.—The Bible Society was first established in England in 1804.

PARTRIDGE.—The owner of the land may proceed against you for trespass; not the person who has the right of shooting over the ground.

O. P.—Garrick took his farewell leave of the stage at Drury Lane, October 10, 1776.

R. R.—The Mannings were executed at Horse-monger-lane Gaol on Tuesday, November 13, 1849.

H. P. (Somerset).—Box tunnel, 1,680 feet long, 19 feet high, and 35 feet wide, to the outside of the brickwork.

COMIC.—Executors are not entitled to charge anything for their loss of time or trouble in the execution of the trusts of the will; but they may reimburse themselves all necessary and reasonable expenses actually incurred in the discharge of their duties.

NORMA.—Miss Adelaide Kimble made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1849.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THERE is no question upon which home secretaries and official lawyers have committed themselves more irretrievably than upon the propriety of a court of appeal in criminal cases. The public have not yet forgotten how Dr. Smethurst, after being convicted at the Old Bailey for the murder of Miss Banks, was tried again in a back room in the Home-office and acquitted. They still remember how Jessie M'Lachlan was tried a second time by a commissioner in Glasgow, sitting with closed doors, and without the aid of a jury, and how she was acquitted, against the deliberate opinion both of the judge and of the jury who were sworn to pronounce upon her guilt or innocence. It is not many months since the Home Secretary was besieged with petitions to pardon a man

who had murdered his wife. Indeed, it is notorious that no single criminal is condemned to death without attempts being made to overrule the decisions both of the judge and of the jury who have pronounced their verdict, and without the Home Secretary undertaking the office of a judge of appeal. The last instance is that of Pelizzoni. This foreigner has been found guilty of stabbing a man, Harrington, and has been sentenced to imprisonment for life; but another man, Mogul, has been tried for and found guilty of the same offence by a second judge and a second jury. There are two contradictory verdicts: both cannot be right; one must be wrong, and the Home Secretary must determine which it is. If over the functions of the Home Secretary are to be called into action, here is a case which imperatively demands that they should be exercised. In some instances both the judge and the jury are satisfied with the verdict pronounced, and then it may fairly be said that the Home Secretary ought not to interfere. But in this case the Home Secretary must interfere. For if he declined to do so there must be a failure of justice. Indeed the cases of Pelizzoni and Mogul are the very cases for which the prerogative of mercy vested in the Crown provides the necessary and only remedy. But Sir George Grey is of a different opinion. He declines the responsibility of determining which of the two men—Pelizzoni or Mogul—is guilty. He has therefore directed that an indictment shall be preferred against Pelizzoni for stabbing two other men who still live, so that the whole facts connected with the case may again be heard before a third judge and a third jury. Sir George Grey admits that his object in indicting Pelizzoni once more is for the purpose of ascertaining whether he was guilty of stabbing Harrington. As we have said, he might have investigated the whole circumstances in Pelizzoni's case at the Home-office, as the circumstances connected with Dr. Smethurst and Jessie M'Lachlan were investigated, and he might have acted upon the opinion thus formed. But he has determined to call in the aid of another judge and another jury. Why is this? Is it because the latter is a more satisfactory mode of proceeding, or is it because the Home Secretary is too timid to exercise that prerogative of mercy which is practically placed in his hands by the constitution? In the one case the Home Secretary admits himself to be unfit to perform the duties of his office; in the other case it is tolerably clear that the same mode of procedure ought to be made imperative in every case. It is constantly said that if a right of appeal is granted in one criminal case it must be granted in all, and that consequently every criminal will be tried twice. Nothing can be more chimerical. The object which reasonable men have in view is not to secure a right of appeal in all cases, but to prevent the Home Secretary from retrying criminals in an irregular manner, and pronouncing a verdict of not guilty when a judge and jury have pronounced a verdict of guilty. The object is not to enlarge the rights of criminals, but to restrain the rights of the Home Secretary, and to prevent him from overruling the ordinary tribunals of the country. There is no reason why the Home Secretary should not continue to receive petitions from condemned criminals themselves, and from their friends, praying that their sentences may be reviewed. The Home Secretary may still be clothed with the power of deciding whether a new trial is to be had, but his powers ought not to extend further. If in any case a new trial should be considered expedient by the Home Secretary, he would simply direct the criminal under sentence to be again placed upon his trial for the same offence of which he has already been found guilty.

THE Commissioner of the City Police, Colonel Fraser, has issued a public notice which, as we read it, is only a very reasonable piece of common sense, but which centuries hence will astonish our antiquaries. They will find that it quietly takes for granted, as a matter too well known for contradiction, one of the most extraordinary customs history ever told of. From this document it appears that great numbers of houses in this city, containing immense wealth in the most portable form, are left without a door to protect them or give the alarm—houses of the most insecure plan and construction—not only for whole nights, but for whole days and nights; that is, from an early Saturday evening to a late Monday morning. The statement sounds incredible, but such is the fact, as every Londoner knows. The most modern and best approved arrangement of the sort is an immense building, half a dozen stories high besides a basement, with a common staircase, with landings and passages of the most irregular form, with windows open or shut, with closets, with offices, let to every variety of trade, or profession, or agency; with smaller lobbies on each landing, and a common front door always open in the day-time. It is evident that when the architect planned this structure, he or his clerk inserted in the specifications the usual regulation doors, the usual regulation locks, bolts, and staples, the usual regulation floors, ceilings, and partitions, the regulation fastenings for the windows; and thought he had then done his duty as far as thieves were concerned, if, indeed, he thought of them at all. A very little thought might have suggested what our metropolitan burglars seem to have discovered immediately, that if they had accomplices in the offices of the architects or of the tradesmen themselves, they could not possibly have arrangements more open to their operations. The burglar has only to drop in towards the hour of "early closing" on Saturday, to get into a closet or dressing-room, or simply a corner out of sight, and he soon finds himself locked in,—locked in from the police themselves, and at liberty to commence operations. This is only a affair of a few strong, well-tempered tools—an apparatus that he can hide under an overcoat—and time. Nothing whatever that houses or safes are made of can resist a siege commenced with the proper weapons and with a sufficient allowance of time. Walls of the strongest masonry, oak doors, iron doors, floors, brick vaults, safes an inch thick, with the best locks in the world, must all give way to saws, files, jemmies, centre-bits, chisels, and other articles, of which any lady in London could carry a most ample collection under her crinoline. Prisons are built for strength, but we all know there is not a prison in England that an expert man cannot get out of with the aid of an old dinner-knife, a few nails, the mainspring of a watch, strips from his bedding and under clothes, and such rubbish, if he can only evade the eyes of the turnkeys for an hour or so. But in the case before us the thief has a complete stock of the best housebreaking tools that can be made,

and has the exclusive possession of the building for thirty-six hours. We have described almost too pleasant, too easy an operation. Who would not be a burglar, if he could satisfy himself as to the morality of the question? Colonel Fraser says plainly that all the police have to do is to keep the pavement and prevent thieves from breaking into houses; and that they cannot undertake to watch over the interiors. This is the duty of the occupants. They must either make their houses and shops impregnable, or place a guard within. The alleged objections to this course are that the guard can be either bribed, or overcome, or cajoled and sent out of the way. If it is a good old woman, she can be gagged; if a young man of the porter class, he can be made an accomplice; if a grade above that, he is likely to get tired of his watching and play the truant. All this may be true, but it does not alter the case. It is still the tradesman's own affair, not a public responsibility. There are banks that have watchmen of their own always on duty, and if nothing else can be done, our jewellers, money-changers, and others will have to follow their example.

LAUNCH OF THE AGINCOURT.

THE Agincourt, a monster armour-plated ram of 6,680 tons burden and 1,350-horse power, was floated on Monday morning, at half-past ten, from the ship-building yard of Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead, in the presence of about 30,000 spectators, who crowded every available site for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony of christening and floating the ship.

The christening part of the proceedings was performed by Mrs. John Laird, of Birkenhead, and punctual to a minute the immense hull of the Agincourt, with nearly all the machinery on board, was slowly, but surely, undocked with the assistance of several powerful steam tugs—namely, the Cruiser, the Sea King, Iron King, Blazer, Hercules, and Emperor.

The scene as the Agincourt emerged from the dock in which she was constructed was one of great animation, and a round of cheers, mingled with a thundering salute of twenty-one guns by Laird's Artillery Volunteers from the esplanade in front of the works, welcomed the floating of one of the most powerful vessels of war ever constructed. The vessel was hauled out stern foremost, and as soon as she was clear of the dock and pier, she was taken in tow by the head by the tugs Emperor and Hercules, the other tugs lying respectively on the starboard and larboard quarters. The vessel was then towed slowly round to the south side of the Morpeth Dock, where she will be completely equipped, and, it is expected, will be ready for sea in about two months.

The day was beautifully clear and fine, and the whole proceedings were completed with the greatest possible tact and order; not a single rope having snapped during the hauling of the vessel out of dock, and the still more difficult operation of mooring her in the Morpeth Dock.

It is rather more than three years since the works of the Agincourt were commenced, and the first plate of the keel was lowered into the dock to its final place on the blocks in June, 1862. The total weight of the ship, armour-plating, and machinery, is more than 8,000 tons. During the course of her construction as many as 1,000 men have been employed upon this one ship, varying according to the different stages of the work. The dimensions of the ship are:—Length over all, 416 feet; length between perpendiculars, 400 feet; breadth extreme, 59 feet 3 in.; tonnage, 6,680 tons; draft of water abaft, 26 feet; ditto forward, 25 feet; height of port sills above water, 10 feet; number of ports on each side, 26; of which two on each side are suited for 12-ton 300-pounder guns, and the remainder for 100-pounder Somers's naval guns, or 110-pounder Armstrongs. The armour-plating is 5½ inches of iron bolted on to 10 inches of teak extending from five feet below the water line to the gunwale, or a total height of about twenty-one feet. The armour-plates are rolled and were made partly at the Mersey Steel and Iron Company's Works, and the remainder by Messrs. Brown and Co., Sheffield. For about thirty feet at the extreme ends of the vessel the thickness is slightly reduced, so as to give buoyancy to the vessel, the thickness at the stem being 3 inches, and under the counter about 2½ inches. The stem is formed in the ram shape, and is a solid forging of enormous strength. This and the stern frame, which weighs upwards of 40 tons, were made by the Mersey Steel and Iron Company. The hull of the vessel is of iron, of very great strength, and divided into numerous watertight compartments by both longitudinal and athwartship bulkheads, and there is also a watertight inner skin, forming a double bottom to give security against danger of the vessel sinking in case of being injured by striking on rocks. The upper deck is plated with iron ½ inch thick underneath the wooden deck to resist shell firing. The whole of the internal fittings are of the most elaborate and complete description, comprising cabins, store-rooms, magazines, shell-rooms, and the various fittings for the accommodation of the crew and the working of the guns. The engines are of 1,350 horse power nominal, and were made by Messrs. Maudslays, Sons, and Field, of London.

MESSRS. HULLEY AND CUMMINS AND THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

At the Liverpool County Court, Mr. Serjeant Wheeler, the judge, was occupied in trying an action brought by Mr. R. B. Cummins, the hero of the now famous "Tom-fool Knot," against Mr. Hime, who acted as the local agent for the Brothers Davenport. Mr. Cummins claimed 5s. from Mr. Hime, for money paid to witness a seance announced by the Davenports, but which seance did not take place.

Mr. Bardwell, solicitor for the plaintiff, delivered a long address, and read descriptions of the several performances given in Liverpool, including the one in which the cabinet was smashed, and when the Davenports refused to go on with their performances. The point on which he relied was that the Davenports had published advertisements, promising that every person who paid for a ticket and attended would witness a seance.

Mr. Pope, barrister, for the defence, contended that there was no statement in the advertisements as to what in particular would be done by the Davenports; that on the morning previous to the evening in question, in consequence of the interruption which had taken place on a former evening, they advertised that they should reserve the right to reject any committee who might be appointed to sit; that when Messrs. Hulley and Cummins were appointed to sit, they did object; that afterwards they yielded and agreed to be tied by them; and that in consequence of what then took place they were unable to proceed as they had intended.

Mr. Cummins, who was severely cross-examined, stated that he took no part in the row, and used every exertion to prevent violence.

His Honour held that, though nothing definite was stated in the advertisements, it was understood that the seance was to include the usual "manifestations;" that when the Davenports had agreed to be tied by Messrs. Hulley and Cummins, although they had a perfect right to reject any committee that might be appointed, they pledged themselves to fulfil their contract, and that as they did not go on the contract was broken. He gave his decision for the plaintiff for the amount claimed. It is understood that, by friendly agreement between the parties, this decision is to guide Mr. Hime in reference to all the claims made by other persons seeking a return of their money, amounting, we believe, to upwards of £100.

DRURY LANE.—During the past week "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It" and the "School for Scandal," have been performed for the last time with the same admirable casts as heretofore. On Thursday, Mr. Tom Taylor's play of "The Fool's Revenge" was produced, Mr. Phelps sustaining the principal character. Last Saturday evening was the final representation of the pantomime of "Pop o' my Thumb," which has been withdrawn on account of the length of the performance and the necessity of preparing for the Easter revival of "Comus."

PRINCESS'S.—In our last we briefly announced the triumphant success of Mr. Dion Bondocault's last production, "Arrah-na-Pogue," at this establishment. We now proceed to give an outline of the plot. The story belongs to the period of the close of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and is laid in the county Wicklow with the exception of one scene, which takes place at the Castle of Dublin. It may thus be told:—Beamish Mc Ooul (Mr. H. Vandenhoff), a young Irish gentleman, has been concerned in the rebellion, and has escaped to France. The incident of his escape from prison furnishes the title of the piece. While lying in prison, under sentence of death, his tenantry plan a means for his escape, but are unable to convey to him the particulars of their scheme, and a little girl, named Arrah Meelish (Mrs. Bondocault), his foster

touching than her acting in the scene where the notes given her by Beamish are found on her, and she is accused of being concerned in their theft; without daring to excuse herself even in presence of the man whom she has just called "husband." The "Grady of Mr. John Brougham is a masterpiece of the best comic acting Mr. Dominick Murray's Feeney is excellent, and proves in the actor the possession of decided tragic powers. Mr. H. Vandenhoff gave a gentlemanly tone to Beamish McCool; and Mr. David Fisher bustled through the small part of the Secretary with capital effect. Nor must we pass over the acting of Miss M. Oliver in Fanny Power—a dashing, lively, impetuous young lady, which could not be represented with more heartiness. The theatre has been crowded nightly, and everybody sings for "Arrah-na-Pogue" a career and a vitality equal to that enjoyed by "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Streets of London." The principal performers have been called on nightly, as well as Mr. G. Vining, to whose spirit the public are again indebted for one of the most attractive pieces of the day, and which is long likely to remain so. On our front page we give an illustration from the last scene of this exciting drama.

ADELPHI.—The new farce by Mr. J. M. Morton, under the title of "The Steeple-chase; or, In the Pigskin," produced here, is an exceedingly slight affair. Mr. Tittums, a cockney clerk, has come down to Southampton to meet his wife, who is coming over from Havre. To ensure being in time he has stopped at the hotel all night, but when he wakes in the morning he finds the Sydenham suit he wore the previous evening has mysteriously disappeared. With no change of clothes, and the knowledge the steamboat is within sight, Tittums is in a state of desperation. His vexation is not at all allayed by the explanation given of his loss, which is referred to the grand steeplechase coming on in the neighbourhood, and which the waiter asserts is attracted a number of the swell mob from London. A certain Dr. Clipper, who is in fear of being arrested for debt, and who has come down prepared to ride in the steeplechase, has brought with him a portmanteau containing a jockey's dress. This Tittums appropriates, under the impression that it is the uniform of some regiment, and being seen by the sporting crowd and placed "in the pigskin" against his most earnest remonstrances, he finds himself carried by the horse into the front, and thus wins for Clipper a large amount, which frees both from all kinds of difficulties. Mr. J. L. Toole carries the farce through with the force of his abundant humour, and nothing can be funnier than his delicacy in emerging from the bedroom where he has been so curiously detained by the smallest experimental efforts of a hand, head, or foot at a time. Mr. Billington as the Sporting Doctor, Mr. C. H. Stephenson as a characteristic Ballif, and Mr. Paul Bedford as Alderman Slowcoach, a retired and ruminating tallow-chandler have added to the success of the farce.

STRAND—A comedietta, entitled "Cross Purposes," by Mr. Parselle, was brought out here on Monday night, to afford Miss Milly Palmer an opportunity of appearing in a new character. The plot is as follows:—Mr. Goodman (Mr. J. M. Turner) is a retired merchant, who has an only daughter, Laura (Miss Milly Palmer), whom he loves devotedly. He is anxious that Laura should settle in life, but leaves it entirely to herself to choose a husband. He waits some time, and is surprised that the young lady does not flit her affections on any man. Of course, it never occurs to him that his confidential clerk, Young Hartright (Mr. Parselle), who has been brought up with her from boyhood, is the object of her love, and only entertains a suspicion of the kind when he consults Hartright, and learns from him how chagred Miss Laura has become of late in her conduct towards him. Then the old man, suspecting the true state of his daughter's heart and that of his clerk, determines to bring about a marriage between them; and having, as he fancies, soundered them both, leaves them to settle the affair between them. But Cupid plays at cross-purposes between the dull and somewhat difficult-to-satisfy lover and the much coquetter lady; so that when the father returns, instead of finding things made smooth and easy and Hymen conciliated, he sees the pair averses, and begins to think that he has judged too hastily of their inclinations towards each other. The arrival of a young gentleman named Lascelles, who, having run through a fortune, comes to entreat the old merchant to procure him some mercantile employment, changes the aspect of affairs. Laura and Lascelles recognize each other as old acquaintances, and their pleasure at meeting so unexpectedly leads the father to suppose they are old lovers; and so, certain now of having discovered the true state of Laura's feelings, he offers to make everything agreeable to young Lascelles, who accepts his good fortune with as much surprise as delight. Laura, however, who could not enter into explanations with Hartright, states the case plainly to Lascelles, who resigns at once his claims in favour of the lady to Hartright, and the father, having only Laura's happiness in view, accepts Hartright as his son-in-law. The cross purposes are well, if not humorously brought about between the lovers and the old man, but the character of Laura has not been made sufficiently strong; and, indeed, Miss Milly Palmer has little to do but pout, contradiot, show a little stabberness, and modulate to good-nature and lady-like ease in the last scene. Mr. Turner made the mirthfulness of the piece, and Mr. Parselle displayed his customary ease and earnestness in Hartright. At the fall of the curtain the applause was general, and the principal performers called for.

ADAM ISAACS MENKEN.—This article continues her triumphant career at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and will appear at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on April 17th.

MIDLE. ADELINA PATTI appears to have created an extraordinary sensation in Lille. A private letter informs me that she gave two performances there—the "Barbiere" and "Lucia"—and that each provoked an unheard-of *furore*. At the latter performance, indeed, nothing would satisfy the audience, after the *dies* of the entertainment had been called forward some dozen times, but to summon M. Maurice Strakosch, Middle. Patti's instructor and brother-in-law, who, after a long delay, was literally dragged on by the manager, and received with deafening acclamations. An immense crowd followed Middle. Patti home after the performance, and a serenade on a grand scale was improvised, in which the band of the theatre was joined by the Orpheons. Well might my informant say that the proceedings were quite unparalleled in Lille—Paris correspondents of the Musical World.

of the musical world.

MADAME MEYERBEER and family have just arrived in Paris to participate in the production of the "Africaine."—These talented artists

MR. AND MRS. KEAN at SAN FRANCISCO.—These talented artists have performed fifty-six nights, to crowded houses, in San Francisco. The largest amount received on one evening's performance was 1,700 dollars in gold coin; the average receipts being 1,100 dollars per night in gold coin. On their last performance, Mr. Kean said, "We shall leave on Friday morning by the Golden Age, for Panama, stopping at Jamaica for a few days, on our way to New York, where we hope to arrive about the middle of March."

Mr. Charles Dillon, who has been performing all through Australia, New Zealand, &c., will arrive in England about the end of August or beginning of September. On his farewell night at Sydney he was presented by the public with a splendid silver cup, also with a magnificently-bound selection of Shakespeare's works. He has since played a farewell engagement in Tasmania; and on the 6th of December was at Auckland, New Zealand.

WAGNER, the composer, it is rumoured, is going to write an opera for his Majesty the King of Bavaria.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.—The Friend of China informs us that "Chang" or "Seng-woo-bah," the great Fyehow giant (who by this time is probably on his way to Europe) has at last bid adieu to that seclusion in which he has for years kept himself, and is about to realize the fixed determination of his heart, that of "seeing life in the West." Seng-woo-bah, who, by the way, was last seen abroad in Shanghai on the night of the "last full moon," looking over a wall seven feet six inches high, will be accompanied by Mr. Marquis Chihaholm, the pianist, and favourite of the Japanese at Yokohama, and attended by a suite of Chinese servants, from the comprador to the shoe-sole chalker, who will "aid him to collect from the members of the several communities among whom he may stay as many dollars and smaller coins as he can obtain for the benefit of the young Seng-woo-bah."

can obtain for the benefit of the young negro-wool.

MONUMENT TO SHERIDAN KNOWLES—A commencement has been made to the memorial which is to be erected in Glasgow over the last resting-place, in the Necropolis, of James Sheridan Knowles. The memorial, which will be fifteen feet in height, is being erected at the expense of a few of the pupils and friends of the brilliant dramatist.

It is stated that the Emperor Napoleon has had a hand at the drama lately anonymously. Certain it is he has been putting two and two together with Jules Lacroix concerning the production of his drama, the "Will of Cæsar," at the Francoia.—*Court Journal*.

DRESDEN is going to have a singing festival with 25,000 voices.
A sort of Garrick Club is proposed in Paris among literary

men.
The scenery of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" is being repainted at the Olympic—we presume for the revival of the drama.

SOME of the scenery in "Arrah-na-Pogue" was painted from photographs—particularly that of Glendalough.

photographs—particularly that of Gustavog.

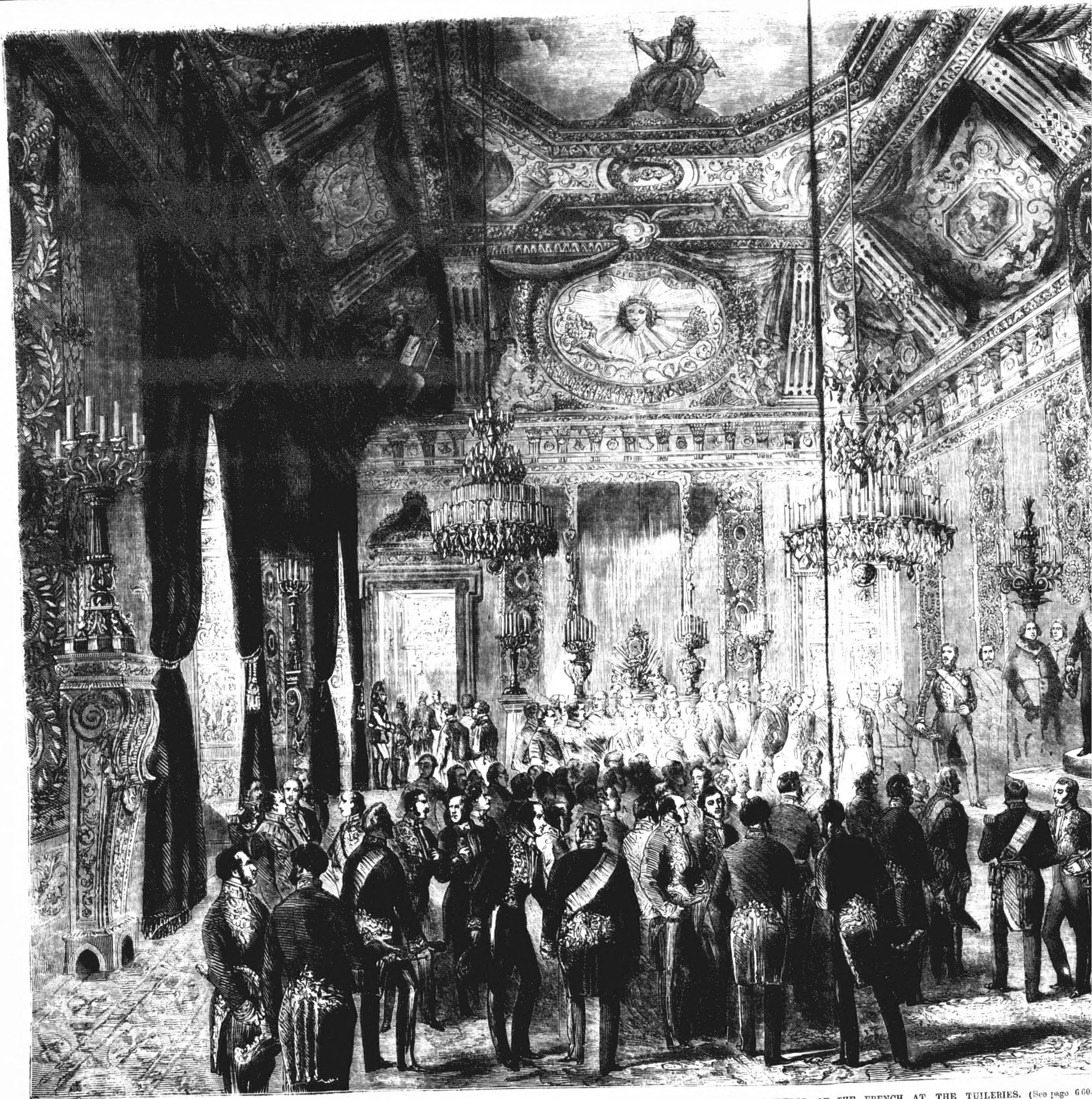
SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY.—The performances of "The Creation" on Friday evening attracted not only one of the largest audiences of the season, but one of the densest that ever filled Exeter Hall. The solo singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, and Patey. The execution of the music by the band and choir was not to be surpassed. The power in the choruses, "The heavens are telling," and "Achieved is the glorious work," was astonishing. "The solos were for the most part to be commended. Madame Sherrington shines more in Hady's than in Handel's or Mendelssohn's music. The popular airs, "In verdure clad," and "On mighty wings" were both admirably rendered, the former more particularly calling for unqualified praise. The effect of the performance, however, centered in Mr. Sims Reeves, who gave "In native worth," with such splendour of voice and truthfulness of expression as to evoke a tumult of applause, not to be appeased until the air was repeated. If Mr. Sims Reeves, who appeared both to sing again, had not consented to comply with the demands of the audience, in all probability the performance would not have been allowed to go on. But not merely in this song did Mr. Reeves display his powers to the greatest advantage. In the air "Now vanish," and the important recitatives, to which he alone knows how to impart significance and beauty, his singing was eminently fine, and created an immense effect. Mr. Patey sang the bass music carefully and effectively; and in the grand air, "Rolling in foaming billows," won general applause, showing good voice and good execution. Mr. Montem Smith did full justice to the music assigned him as second tenor.

THE SURREY FUND—The balance sheet of this fund has just been published. The total subscription amounted to £2,823 7s. 2d. The promptitude with which the public and the profession responded to the appeal made on behalf of those so suddenly thrown out of employment by the disastrous fire at the Surrey Theatre, has happily relieved the immediate necessities of all the sufferers. The surplus will be about £200.

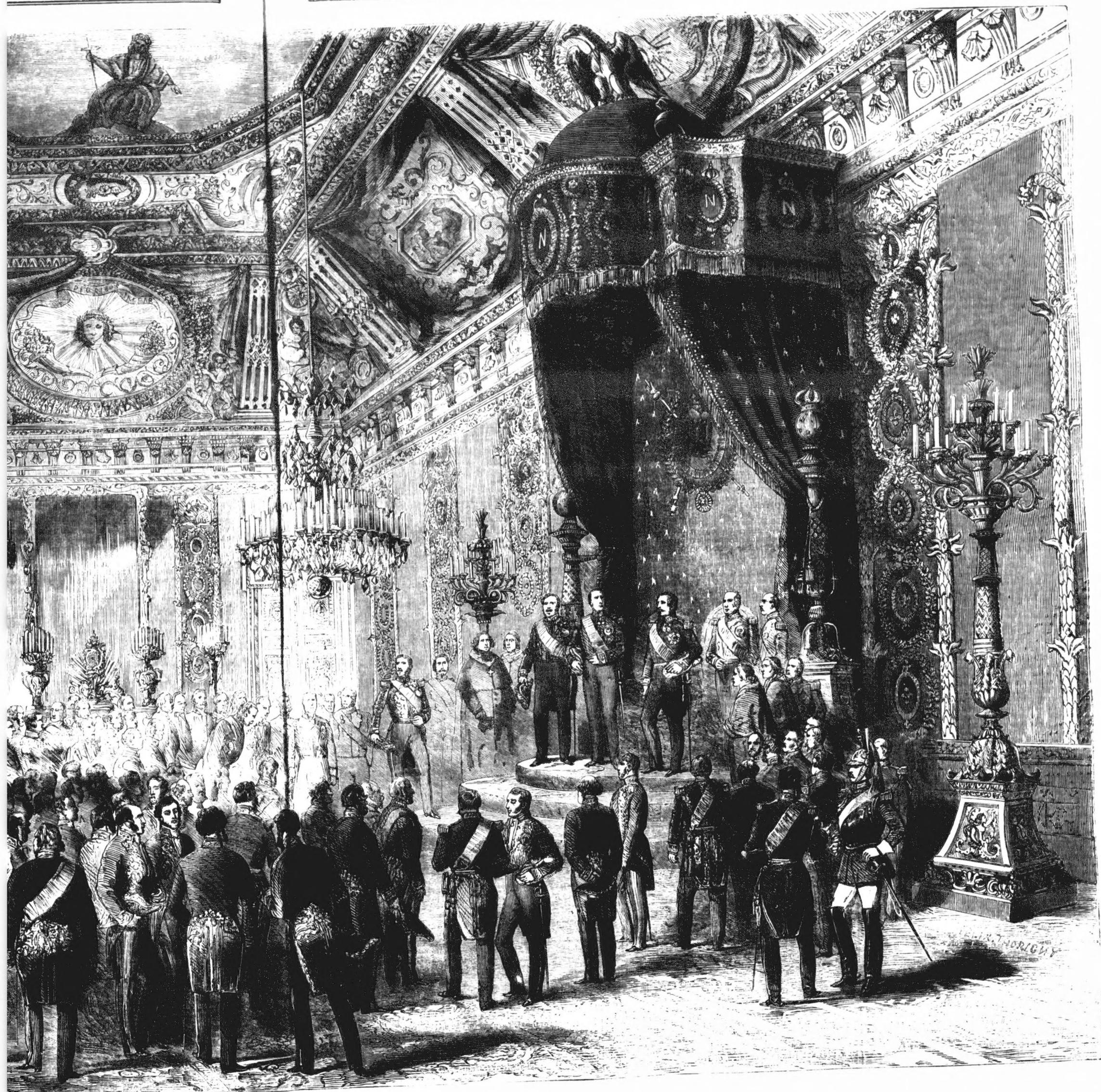
THE SURREY Theatre at Sheffield was burnt down, at half-past two o'clock on Saturday morning. A small fire had been discovered in Burgess-street half an hour previously, and the engines had been called out. The firemen of the Royal Fire Insurance Company's brigade were in the act of backing their engine into the station, when a bright light was observed in the direction of Westbar. How long the theatre had been burning it is impossible to say, but when discovered the flames were blazing through the roof, illuminating all the neighbourhood. The Royal engines were quickly on the spot, but the flames had obtained such a hold of the building that it was quite impossible to do anything to arrest their progress. The flames were spreading with such rapidity that the officers were justified in fearing that the entire square formed by Westbar, Hick's-lane, Spring-street, and Workhouse-lane was in the most imminent danger. Numbers of the women and children occupying houses in Hick's-lane rushed out terror-stricken, not daring to delay a moment to put on a single article of dress. In the thickly-crowded houses in the yards behind, Hick's-lane many were so paralyzed with terror as to be helpless, and had to be dragged out of their houses by the officers to whom was entrusted the duty of seeing that no lives were sacrificed. Their condition was pitiable, as they ran barefooted along the streets in search of shelter. The fire brigade, therefore, directed their engines to throw water on the adjoining property, to prevent the flames spreading beyond the walls of the theatre, and in this they succeeded. Within the walls of the theatre the fire continued to burn furiously. One after another the galleries fell with a great crash, checking the flames for a moment only to throw them up again with greater fierceness. The walls were lofty and unusually strong, and afforded a protection to the surrounding property which double the number of engines would have been utterly inadequate to afford. The building and its contents had cost from £25,000 to £30,000. They were insured for £13,000 with the Liverpool and London Company, and that office had divided the risk with four others, among which are the Phoenix and the Law and Commercial.

A FAMILY OF CENTENARIANS.—The last week saw the fulfilment of a remarkable family celebrated in the annals of Yorkshire longevity. Isabella Rose, a woman of 105 years, died at Market Weighton. Her maiden name was Isabella Barnside, and she was born at Haycliffe, in the county of Durham, where her mother died at 106 years of age. But, what is still more remarkable, the grandmother of the deceased reached, it is said, the extraordinary age of 140 years. Deceased was never a mother, and her husband is now upwards of eighty years old, and dependent upon his labour for a living. He is also very vigorous. It is proposed to subscribe to render his life one of comfort.

SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS AND PREPARATIONS.—We recommend our readers who require any Electrical, Galvanic, Chemical and other apparatus, to apply to W. Faulkner, operative chemist, 40, Endell-street, Long Acre, W.C., on same days as the Baths. The newly invented Magneto-Electric Coil, which requires neither acid nor battery, and is both useful in amusements, and particularly recommended in all cases of disease, is fitted in a neat mahogany case, sold at 2s. to 5s. It is very portable and can be taken from 7. 6s. to 6s. The New Light or Magneto-Induction Wire Manufactured by W. Faulkner, possesses unusual brilliancy. It is sold at 3d. and 4d. per foot, sent free by post on receipt of a stamped envelope. A large assortment of second-hand Camera obscura, Magic Lanterns, and Electrical Apparatus and Batteries of every description. The greatest novelty of the day is the Conjur-fugal Steam Engine, made of glass. It is prettily fitted up as an ornament, and works with gas, oil, perfume or water, and heat being applied, it works with great rapidity, and diffuses its perfume in any place, price 2s. 6d. or packed 3s. 6d.—[Advertisement.]



RECEPTION OF THE ADDRESS BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AT THE TUILERIES. (See page 660.)



RECEPTION OF THE ADDRESS BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AT THE TUILERIES. (See page 660.)

A LADY PREACHER.

Mrs. A. F. THISTLETHWAITE, a lady of great beauty, married to a gentleman of princely fortune, again preached in the hall of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edwards-street, Portman-square, last Sunday afternoon. The proceedings on Sunday commenced punctually at three p.m., before which time both hall and gallery were full. The bills of dramatic readings still affixed to the walls of passages and lobby, the roomy stage of the hall itself, with its faded crimson drop-curtain and shabby pilasters, and appointments, gives a semi-theatrical aspect to the great room, and this impression was rather heightened than destroyed on Sunday by the whispered anticipations and evident curiosity of many of those present. Not that there were to any great extent of the class to which such an ecclesiastical novelty as that promised them might be supposed to appeal. Here and there sparsely scattered among the congregation might be seen a small deputation from the fashionable world, but the vast majority of those filling the chairs and benches seemed to be drawn from the shopkeepers and domestic servants of the district, and were of the highly comfortable and respectable class from which the frequenters—say of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle—are mainly drawn. The platform-stage was occupied by some of the leaders or singers of the society usually worshipping there, which numbers some eighty members, its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Davis, sitting to the right of the large state chair in front of which is the lecturer's table, wherefrom Mrs. Thistlethwaite addressed her auditors. Punctually at three p.m., the lady preacher came upon the platform, not from behind the curtain, as some foolish people seemed to expect, but by a side door, and, proceeding to the table, at once read out a hymn, which was subsequently sung very sweetly and musically by all. Gifted with the most perfect self-possession, a deep rich contralto voice, which is modulated with considerable skill and tact, and having her great natural advantages supported by that dramatic faculty without some share of which every appearance before the public falls flat, Mrs. Thistlethwaite is well qualified for the difficult role she has undertaken. And this was well evinced by the grave and serious attention she commanded long before her eloquence had play. From the time of the first line of the hymn being read out, every one present, whatever the original motive for their visit might have been, seemed impressed by the evident sincerity of the person before them. No doubt it was expected by some that an attractive woman would hold forth on religious matters, and that her avowals of sincerity and earnestness would be more or less true. It is scarcely likely, however, that either the rapid flow of words, always well chosen, sometimes eloquent, and occasionally poetical—or the intellectual force and energy perceptible in every action—or the striking mobility of feature—or the nameless air of refinement—could be anticipated by any one to whom Mrs. Thistlethwaite is only known by name. As a mere study of character she furnishes a remarkable instance of the triumph to be effected over circumstances, and proves effectually that intelligent earnestness is more than a match for that touch of the ludicrous which attaches itself to the unconventional, the exceptional and the peculiar. Her sermon on Sunday was of the type familiar to all who have frequented places of worship of the evangelical school. It was, however, perfectly free from the fierce denunciations and terrifying pictures which apparently form such tempting themes for inexperienced and self-taught preachers. The efficacy of grace, the inexhaustible character of the divine love, the certainty of forgiveness for all, and the blissfulness of those called and chosen, formed the leading topics of her discourse. Taking for her first text a passage from the prophet Isaiah, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?" she reverted to many other parts of both the Old and New Testament, reading aloud from each, and supplying a running commentary to all. Thus, she defended the character of Mary Magdalene from the aspersions cast upon it by divines, and maintained that this Mary had never been guilty of the sin commonly laid at her door. Thus, too, she dwelt at length upon the fitness of woman as an instrument of salvation and a messenger of mercy. The fact of the disciples leaving the reproach while a woman remained behind to weep—that a woman should have first seen Jesus after the resurrection—and that a woman was the chosen recipient of the first assuring message sent to the apostles, were all brought forward, as we understood, to prove woman's special fitness for the work of conversion. These points were urged with a rapid fluency, a constant transition of voice, and an energetic elocution of which it is difficult to convey an adequate idea without, at the same time, seeming guilty of exaggeration. Nor, after a little time, did the sense of novelty in listening to this female preacher interfere with the attention due to her discourse. The elegant black silk dress, with its plain white collar and cuffs, formed no unseemly contrast to the gown and bands one is accustomed to behold on the orthodox figures of clergymen of the Established Church; and granting it to be expedient for a lady of Mrs. Thistlethwaite's position to preach at all, there was nothing in her demeanour or arguments to provoke hostile criticism. It should be stated that both prayers and sermon were delivered without a note of any kind, while from the comparative frequency of its perorations and its consequent occasional tendency to anti-climax, the latter was obviously extempore, and that when Mrs. Thistlethwaite said, in conclusion, that in her anxiety to save souls she "could go on until to-morrow morning," we had the fullest belief, derived from the flow of language we had already heard, that she did not over-estimate her powers. The sermon itself lasted just an hour, after which another hymn was sung, a short prayer was offered by Mrs. Thistlethwaite, and another by the Rev. Mr. Davis, and a final announcement was made that a Scotch nobleman would deliver an address from the same place later in the evening, and that Mrs. Thistlethwaite had also promised to preach again next Sunday afternoon.

Our duty ends, however, with recording that although circumstances were not wanting to provoke curiosity, and to assemble the idle and thoughtless to Edwards-street on Sunday, the most marked propriety of demeanour was observable throughout. Sincerity always commands respect, and of the honesty of purpose of the lady who has thus chosen to come before the public as an expounder of religious truth no one having heard her can entertain a doubt. Indeed, it seemed so natural that her manner and bearing should command respect, and ensure attention and reverence—the two hours' service had so acclimated the strangers to the exceptional scene they were witnessing, that the "This ere's a pretty sort o' game, Bill, eh?" of a cabman to the friend smoking with him outside, probably jarred as strongly on their ears on first leaving the hall as if it had been applied to public worship of a more orthodox kind.

THE BIRMINGHAM BANK FAILURE.—On Monday afternoon, a first meeting of the Birmingham Court of Bankruptcy was held in the matter of Henry Marshall, only surviving partner in the firm of Attwoods, Spooner, Marshall and Co., for the choice of assignees. Mr. Registrar Hill, to whose court the petition was attached, had consented to hear the case at the Town Hall, so as to accommodate the very numerous body of creditors who were anxious to be present. Mr. J. W. Whately and Mr. W. S. Allen appeared as solicitors to the petition, and also on behalf of creditors, numbering 2,886, whose claims amounted in the aggregate to £545,040 7s. 6d., or twice the amount which, it may be remembered, was proved at the first meeting of creditors in the notorious Royal British Bank.

HORSING'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

The Court.

By command of the Queen, a drawing-room was held on Saturday, at St. James's Palace, by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a train of violet velvet, trimmed with rich white blonde. The petticoat of white satin, trimmed with bouillonné of tulle and white satin riband. The head-dress—a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—a corsage of diamonds, necklace and earrings of pearls and diamonds. Orders of Victoria and Albert and Donna Isabella of Portugal.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Helena wore a petticoat of tulle over a rich white glace silk, trimmed with bouillonné of tulle and white satin ribands. Train of rich white silk, trimmed with tulle and white satin bows. Head-dress—hycinthia, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—diamonds and jet ornaments, Victoria and Albert Order and Order of St. Isabella.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise wore a petticoat of tulle over rich white glace silk, trimmed with bouillonné of tulle and white satin ribands. Train of rich white silk, trimmed with tulle and white satin bows. Head-dress—hycinthia, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—diamonds, and Victoria and Albert Order.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a black silk train, trimmed with ruffles of silk and tulle, point d'Alençon, and bunches of poppies; a petticoat of black tulle over glace silk, richly trimmed with point to match. Head-dress—a diadem of diamonds, mounted with poppies, feathers, and silver tulle veil. Ornaments—pearls and diamonds.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Bruce and Lieut.-Colonel Koppel, honoured the Haymarket Theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

The room was full on Monday afternoon, but the amount of business hardly came up to the average. The decline of Liddington, of which there had been a foreshadowing at Warwick and Ragby last week, was the chief event of the day, and various rumours were afloat as to the state of his health, and the amount of work he had lately done. "A filled leg" was one of the *on dita*. A great deal of hostility was manifested to Chatterbox, both for the Guineas and the Derby, and there were symptoms of Broadbent being in greater favour for the first-named event. Bedminster was also backed for a little money. John Davis was a strong favourite for the Northamptonshire Stakes, and for the City and Suburban the Montissima filly was most in demand. Arkansas also came into notice at an outside price. For the Chester Cup, Lion had some strong support at 12 to 1, La Touque and The Clown being also backed at their quoted price. 800 to 100 was taken about Liddington for the Derby. With this exception the other transactions were unimportant.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.—7 to 1 agt Mr. Smith's John Davis (1); 8 to 1 agt Mr. Sutton's Skiffington (1); 100 to 8 agt Mr. G. Duncan's Hartley (1).

CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP.—10 to 1 agt Mr. Merry's Montissima filly (1); 10 to 1 agt Mr. J. Day's Master Richard (1). **TWO THOUSAND.**—4 to 1 agt Mr. Merry's Liddington (off); 100 to 15 agt Mr. H. Chaplin's Broadbent (1); 18 to 1 agt Sir Joseph Hawley's Bedminster (1); 100 to 6 agt Lord Durham's Ariel (off); 20 to 1 agt Count de Lagrange's Gladiator (off).

CHESTER CUP.—12 to 1 agt Mr. C. Smith's Lion (1); 20 to 1 agt Mr. Barber's The Clown (1); 20 to 1 agt Mr. Montgomery's La Touque (1). **DERBY.**—11 to 2 agt Mr. H. Chaplin's Broadbent (1); 8 to 1 agt Mr. Merry's Liddington (1); 9 to 1 agt Marquis of Hastings's The Duke (1); 20 to 1 agt Lord Stamford's Archimedes (off).

DEATH OF A RARE VETERAN.—KISSING A DUCHESS

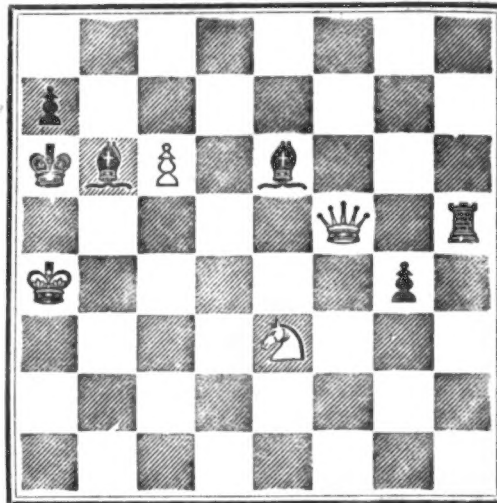
[From the *Elgin Courier*.]

Old Duncan Mackenzie died on Saturday last. We knew Duncan well; he lived within a stone-throw of the *Courant* office, and we have made him "shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won," and he assisted in gaining not a few in his day. Duncan was a Highlandman—every inch of him—and that, too, a stalwart one, for he was more than six feet in height, and must have been, as he was wont to say, a "strapping fellow" when he kissed the Duchess of Gordon, in taking "the shilling" from between her teeth to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders. Duncan delighted to tell how he was enlisted, and he has not left, we presume, one alive to tell the same tale about kissing the duchess in the market. He was born in the parish of Duthil, and must have been very young when he joined the 92nd Regiment, in which he served twenty-six years and nine months (he was particular about the months), and was discharged in the year 1822, with a pension of 1s. 2½d. a day, which he has enjoyed for the long period of forty-three years. He has cost the State money, but he earned it all, for we have his medals before us, and find, what he has often told us, that he was at Waterloo with Wellington, at Corunna with Sir John Moore, in Egypt with Abercromby, and in the Peninsula, served in the battles of Toulouse, Orthes, Nive, Nivelle, Pyreness, Vittoria, and Fuentes d'Onor. This gives the deceased eight battles besides Egypt and Corunna, and his service in India, for which no medals were given, but which were not forgotten by Duncan, for he had all his battles and actions on a slip of paper, and their number was twenty-seven. Is there now living a man in the north of Scotland that can show such a document? We are safe, we think, in saying there is not; for the regiment that Duncan Mackenzie joined seventy years ago is dead; and we have followed the last of the grenadier company in its staff grave beside the Elgin Cathedral. Duncan, leaning on his staff, would tell us he was lucky, for he was only once wounded when a mere boy, and that an old woman told him that if he kept the ball he would never be wounded again. His wound was a severe one, and kept him some months on the sick list; and, besides 1, as he was wont to say, he got some scratches, showing that keeping the ball, as the old woman had said, was not a complete charm. He had a brother in the same regiment, who rose to the rank of captain, but we are not aware whether he survived the war. Duncan plumed himself upon being the best shot in the regiment, and told a story to the effect that, at the request of the major, he brought down a very troublesome Frenchman, and would have been promoted for it, but the major was killed the same day. Be this as it may, the deceased soldier of many a hard-fought field had a tall, athletic frame, an iron constitution, and a steady arm and fine eye when he brought "Brown Bess" to his shoulder; nor was such a man light weight in the many terrible charges made by his gallant regiment. We had a high respect for the old warrior. Peace to his ashes—warrior's o'er, and we shall never hear him "fight his battles o'er again," or see him passing along our streets on pension day, with his medals dangling at his breast, ready to stop in his slow pace and joke with children, or sit down in a shop to rest himself, forgetting his patriarchal age of nearly ninety years, become the soldier of his early days.

H. WALKER'S CROCHETS.—The new Patent Uncrochete Handles keep the Hooks at all times in true position. By post, 100 needles, 1s.; a set of Penelope, 5s. to 1s.; set Uncrochete, 1s. Maker to the Queen, Alcester, and 47, Gresham-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

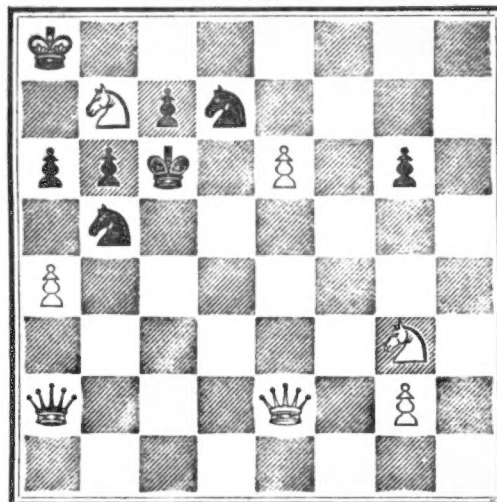
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 250.—By T. SMITH, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 251.—By W. HINCHLIFFE.
Black.



White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 237.

White. 1. Kt to Q 4 (ch) 2. Q to K B 7 3. Mates accordingly

Black. 1. K to Q 3 (best) 2. Any move

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 238.

1. K takes P 2. Q to Q sq, or Q 7 (ch) 3. Q to Q 4 (mates) 1. B takes either Kt (a, b) 2. K moves (a) 1. B takes Kt 2. B interposes (b) 1. P to K 8, or anything 2. K takes Kt

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 239.

1. R to Q 4 (ch) 2. R to Q 5 (ch) 3. R to Q Kt 5 4. Q to Q 5 (ch) 5. R mates 1. K takes R 2. K to B 5 3. Q to Q 3 (a) 4. Q takes Q (a) 3. Q to K 4 4. Any move

Solutions of Problems by the following, correct:—W. B. H., Nos. 242, 243; G. B. Foster, 240, 241, 242, and 243; J. Scott, 242, 243; T. Pearce, 241, 242, 243; J. W. (Caxton), 242, 243; E. Dixon, 243; Cato, 242, 243; Clegg (of Oldham), 240, 241, 242, 243; B. Mitcheson, 242, 243; C. J. Fox, 242, 243; Heath and Cobb (Margate), 240, 241, 242, 243; J. Barlin, 243; C. Weld, 242, 243; A. Vaughan, 240, 241, 242; C. Adin (Manchester), 242, 243; Decima, 240, 241, 242, 243; G. Farrer, 241, 242, 243; F. R., 192, 241, 243; J. Abbott, 241, 242; W. P. (Dorking), 240, 241; and J. W. Smith, 240, 241, 242, 243.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF THREE GOLD DIGGERS FROM THIRST.—An Australian paper contains the following:—A short time ago a party consisting of James Offly, Thos. Garside, William Drummond, and George Atkinson left Clermont on a prospecting tour to the westward. The leader of the party was Drummond, who professed to be acquainted with the country, and to have discovered while in Mr. Thorne's service at the Belyand, some very rich ground. The party had but one horse among them, and were cautioned before starting as to the extreme scarcity of water in the region to which they were bound. After a few days' travelling water became alarmingly scarce, and to the dismay of the party their leader confessed not only to being ignorant of the whereabouts of the rich ground he had started in quest of, but also as to the way to water or any human habitation. Lost among the ranges, without a drop of water, the wretched men, it is said, wandered about for twelve days, the victims of raging thirst. The leader, Drummond, was the first to succumb, and was necessarily left to perish. The survivors killed their dog, and found temporary respite from drinking its blood, but at length were driven to open veins in their own arms and seek relief in swallowing the vital fluid. Soon after this, and after they had come upon a road, Offly and Garside dropped almost simultaneously and died. Atkinson covered the bodies with their blankets, and summoned all his remaining strength to follow up the road, to Mr. McMaster's station, where he was most hospitably cared for.

CASUAL PAUPERS AND THEIR DELINQUENCES.—Elizabeth Klag, Sarah Holmes, and Ann Long, the latter with an infant in her arms, all scantily clothed, were placed at the bar charged with tearing out the clothes in the casual ward of Bermuda-street Workhouse. The woman of the casual ward said that the prisoners were admitted on the previous night and supplied with food and a lodging. That morning, when she went to open the ward and supply them with breakfast, she found that they had torn all their clothing off. Long had destroyed her child's clothes. The circumstances were reported to the master, and after being supplied with the clothes that, now were they were given into custody. The prisoners all said that their clothing was ragged and dirty, and not fit to be seen. His worship asked the wardswoman whether she noticed their clothes when she admitted them, and if they were in the state so described by them? The wardswoman replied that their clothes appeared to be almost as good as those they had given to them that morning. They did not seem to be very ragged. The magistrate told the prisoners that they had been admitted into the workhouse, and supplied with food and lodging. They ought to be thankful for that, and not put a parish officer to extra expense in supplying them with clothes. The prisoners said they could not help it. Their clothes had got to bad and they were ashamed to go about as they were. The magistrate said that was out of the question. What were they to do for seeking employment? The prisoners said they must not break the law. They all appeared to be sturdy vagrants, therefore he sentenced each of them to seven days' hard labour. Two lads, about fourteen years of age, were next charged with refusing to perform their allotted work in the same workhouse. Fairbairn, the porter, said they were admitted into the casual ward, and supplied with food and lodging. In the morning they were put to pick oakum, and on their refusal were given into custody. Magistrate: How much oakum did you give such young lads to pick? Fairbairn: A pound, sir; and I think they were quite able to pick that, but instead of that they sat with their hands in their pockets. Magistrate: I suppose you have regulations as to the amount of work to give such lads? Fairbairn: We don't give them any particular quantity. Sometimes we give them a few stones to break, and at other times oakum to pick. Magistrate: What food did you give them? Fairbairn: They had bread at six, and in the morning they had some bread and something—not great for breakfast. One of the lads here admitted all that, and they were thankful, but as soon as they had the grain they were at work breaking. They could not do that. Magistrate: How much oakum did you give these lads to break? Fairbairn: I don't know exactly, but I am certain only a very small quantity. Magistrate: Don't you know how much? Fairbairn: I don't, sir; but I am certain not more than a halfal. As they did not do that, they were put to oakum, which they would not do. Magistrate: I don't understand you at all. Here are two young lads brought before me charged with refusing to work, after being supplied with food and lodging. You don't seem to know anything of the regulations, therefore I must remand them for some one to come from the workhouse who does know. The prisoners are remanded.

EXHIBITION, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, OF THE SPOILS OF THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN.

THE long-heralded collection of loot from the Chinese Emperor's Summer Palace belonging to the French officer, Captain de Negroni, has been added to the wonders of the Crystal Palace. A sapphire worth about £170,000 is something to look at, independent of the many interesting curiosities to be found in the collection. The exhibition is a very attractive one, and is well worthy of a visit.

To those who may pay a visit to this rare collection, the accompanying views of the Emperor of China's Summer Palace and the occupation of it by the allied troops will be doubly interesting.

At the time of its capture Lord Elgin thus summed up the reasons for taking retribution on the Chinese by burning down Yuen-Ming-Yuen:—"It was the Emperor's favourite residence, and its destruction could not fail to be a blow to his pride as well as to his feelings. To this place, as appears from the depositions of the Sikh troopers, he brought our hapless countrymen, in order that they might undergo their severest tortures within its precincts. Here have been found the horses and accoutrements of the troopers seized, the decorations torn from the breast of a gallant French officer, and other effects be-

longing to the prisoners. As almost all the valuables had already been taken away from the Palace, the army would go there, not to pillage, but to mark by a solemn act of retribution, the horror and indignation with which we were inspired by the perpetration of a great crime. The punishment was one which would fall, not on the people, who may be comparatively innocent, but exclusively on the Emperor, whose direct personal responsibility for the crime committed is established, not only by the treatment of the prisoners at Yuen-Ming-Yuen, but also by the edict enclosed in my despatch of the 22nd October, in which he offers a pecuniary reward for the heads of the foreigners, adding, that he is ready to expend all his treasure in these ways of assassination."

Notwithstanding the number of valuables taken away, there was ample left as spoil, as the present collection at the Crystal Palace fully testifies, which is valued at £400,000.

THE Earl of Selton will leave England about the middle of this month for Lisbon, on his mission to present the King of Portugal with the Order of the Garter.



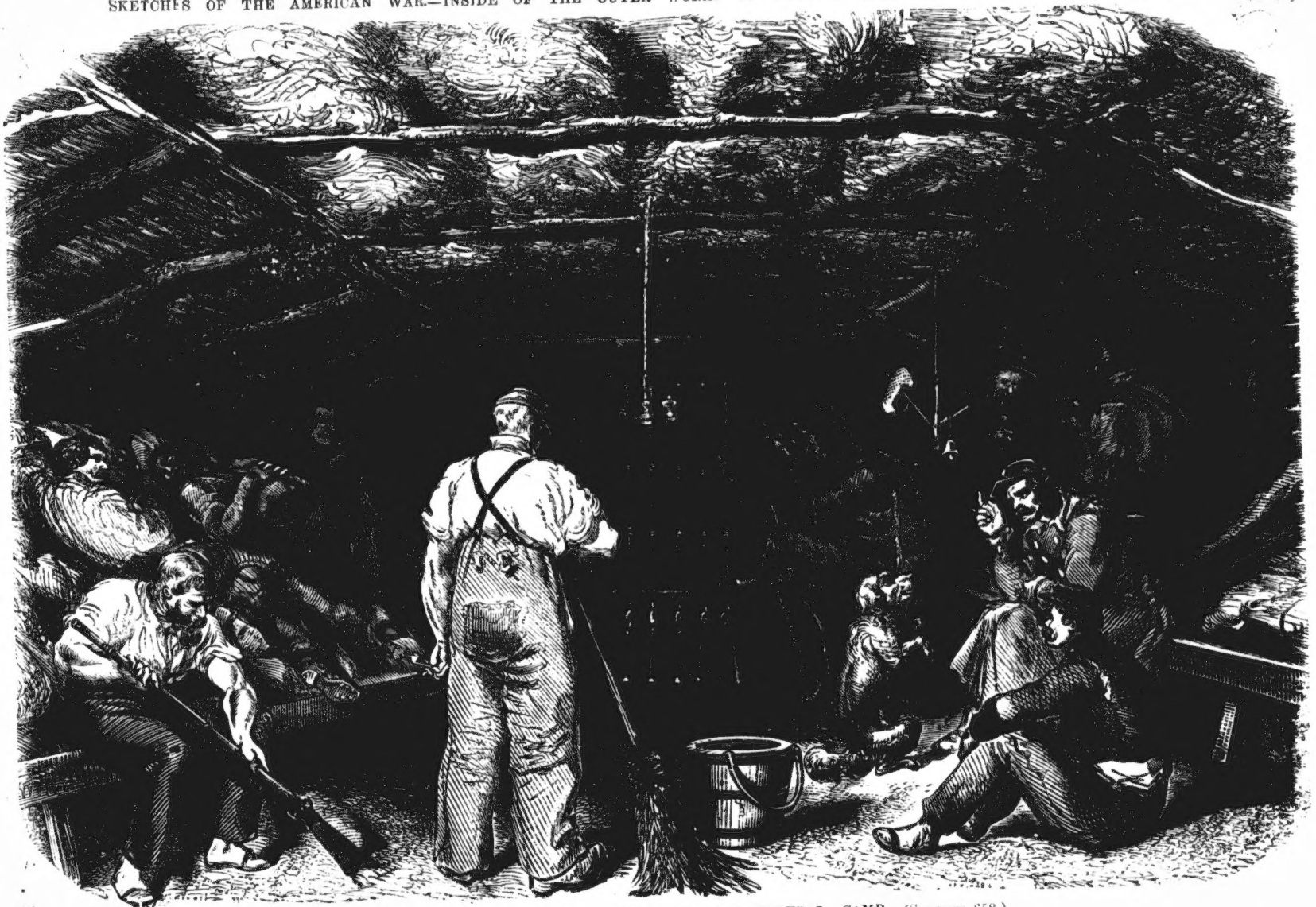
VIEW OF THE SUMMER PALACE.



OCCUPATION OF THE SUMMER PALACE BY THE ALLIED TROOPS IN 1861.



SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—INSIDE OF THE OUTER WORKS OF GRANT'S ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND. (See page 658.)



WINTER QUARTERS.—"KILLING TIME" IN THE FEDERAL CAMP. (See page 658.)

Literature.

THE SNOW STORM.

I WAS cutting wood in the backyard one November day, when as I stopped a moment to relieve my arms from the unusual strain upon them, I became aware of a lady coming up the path from the woods. She was very near me before I saw her. A glance had told me that she was not one of the villagers. The soft, warm coloured shawl she wore was wrapped round her more gracefully than any one could have worn it in our village. The intangible something that accompanies the lady, revealed her as such to me—and she was the first lady I had ever seen.

"I believe I have lost my way," she said; "will you tell me where Deacon Thaxton's is?"

I looked in her face as she spoke, to see eyes and mouth as sweet as her voice. Her accent was courteous, but reserved. I dropped my axe, feeling all at once very sensible that my rough green jacket and battered cap were not at all becoming to me.

"If you will come into the road here, I can tell you the way better," I said, wishing that my college learning had polished my address as much as it had disciplined my mind.

She followed me down the path, saying as she went, "I am an entire stranger here; I am staying at Mr. Thaxton's, and I wandered off, and got lost in the woods. At one time, I thought I had the prospect of a night there. Everything is very strange here."

She spoke with an apparent freedom different from the usual address of New England women. I wondered at it; her features were entirely American, but her complexion had that peculiar dark pallidity that seems the effect of some southern clime.

"If everything is strange," I ventured to say, "you will find a New England winter forbidding. Shall you dare it?"

"Yes, but I am afraid of it."

Though she talked, she possessed the power that made me feel at as great a distance as though she had not spoken a word. A suave manner she made as unapproachable as repelling silence. We were now in the narrow road that led by our homestead. I pointed out the way, told her of the corners that lay in the two miles between our house and Deacon Thaxton's. Then as she walked on, I allowed myself to watch her for a moment.

In that elegant form with its sweeping drapery, its graceful poise of head, I recognised the woman of whom I had so often dreamed, but in my seclusion I had never before seen. I went back to my wood-cutting with the memory of that face and voice diffusing a glow over my thoughts that was as strange as it was enchanting.

I do not know why I did not mention the lady at the supper table that night, but I did not. After supper, Jane Dunlap, a maiden lady of fifty, came in with her knitting. Knowing her predilections, I did not go out, but sat down by the fire with my book. There had never yet been a time, since she had reached mature years, that she did not know the full particulars of the minutest event that transpired. I waited patiently. Very soon I was rewarded.

"Have you seen that new girl over to Deacon Thaxton's?" she asked of my mother.

My mother looked up interested. "Why, no. Who is she?"

Miss Dunlap picked up the stitch she had dropped before she answered.

"You remember the deacon's wife had a brother, who has been a merchant in Calcutta these years and years. Two years ago he buried his wife there; and now he has come on home with his only child. She has come out to stay awhile with her aunt. She was born in India, and though she is very polite and well-behaved, you'd see in a minute that she doesn't appear just like people here."

Miss Dunlap paused. I fully agreed with her last sentence. I wanted my mother to ask questions, for I was not going to look up from my book or become interested at all.

"Let me see," said my mother, "I have forgotten what Deacon Thaxton's wife's name was. She was handsome in her day, I remember, and she is sort of smart-looking now, I think."

"She looks well enough, but she is mighty proud—unbecoming in a deacon's wife. Her name was Grace—Martha Grace; you know Thaxton was most crazy after her."

Miss Dunlap paused, and looked into the fire. I thought I knew she had a spite against the deacon for being bewitched by Martha Grace, when she herself was in the bloom of youth. She commenced knitting and talking.

"The girl's father is in Boston about some business, and she is going to stay here this winter. I should think it would kill her, after that climate. They have given her the strangest name; it's been running over in my head ever since I heard it: Runce—Runce Grace."

I could not resist the temptation to speak. I looked up and said, "Perhaps she is a Hindu, Miss Dunlap, and has come over to be converted. With such a name as that the mission society ought to make inquiries."

Miss Dunlap smiled, and my mother said, "Why, Noel, I did not know you ever listened to our chat."

I rose from my seat with my book in my hand, saying, "That name struck me as being very odd."

I went up to my own room. That name had stayed in Miss Dunlap's head, so did it stay in mine, and with a thrill and a cadence that she did not know. I even thought I ought to have known that name intuitively, so perfectly in unison with her face and manner did it seem.

A week after that, as I was carrying my mother up to the village, she wished me to stop and leave her awhile at Deacon Thaxton's; she had not called there for a long time, and she owned she was a little curious to see Mrs. Thaxton's niece. Would I go in with her?

The very question gave me a tremor of fear and delight. No, I would not go in—I would stop for her when I came back. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the pale, attractive face through the window as I drove away. It did not leave me once during the time that I traded at the store, and with the farmers. When I stopped my horse at Thaxton's gate, the front door instantly opened, for my mother had been watching for me. She came out, and Miss Grace followed her down the pathway. She had hastily thrown a thick wrap of Mrs. Thaxton's over her shoulders, and she shivered as she leaned on the gate. I thought her more beautiful than ever, and my heart beat heavily as she extended her hand to me, and said to my mother, who was waiting for me to help her into the carriage, "You did not know that I had seen your son before, Mrs. Lyons. He once guided me through this unknown wilderness that lies between your house and this. If I didn't thank you at the time, Mr. Lyons, I was none the less grateful."

I stood like the witless dunce I was, not knowing what to say. I was too vividly conscious of the touch of those fingers to have even my usual self-possession at my command. My mother relieved me by speaking.

"Indeed, I did not know he had seen you—he had never mentioned you to me; and in such a little village as this, we are always interested in new comers."

She laughed. "That is unfortunate, for I am to suppose that I was not of sufficient importance to be mentioned."

My mother was now in the carriage. I turned and said, "To tell the truth, Miss Grace, I was almost sure that I dreamed I saw you coming down that path from the woods. I did not think of

telling our meeting for a fact, but—

of relating as such, a vision of the night—I should have thought 'Am I then, very ghostly?' she asked.

"Not ghostly; a vision is not necessarily a ghost. I am happy to be convinced that you are tangible, and will not fade away, so that I may hope for another meeting."

She smiled sweetly, and not distantly. "I am so tangible, that I think of transforming myself into a Yankee girl. Can I tell you anything more practical than that?"

"No; that satisfies me. Now I may hope to see you again." I bowed, and drove away.

"It was very odd in you, Noel, not telling you had seen that girl," said my mother.

I replied that I had not thought of mentioning it—and I had not.

My mother looked at me keenly for a moment, then she looked away, remarking, "There is something very attractive, almost fascinating, about Miss Grace, but she seems above our station."

I did not speak; my mother's words fell like ice on my heart, that was still throbbing warm with the words and smile of Runce Grace. But how could I remember that implied warning. Ah, I would not.

Though I was sometimes remiss about attending church so often as my mother wished, I resolved to go every Sunday, for Miss Grace would be sure to be there with Mrs. Thaxton. In the morning I was disappointed,—no one but the deacon and his wife were in the pew; but just before the afternoon service commenced she came in. It was the first Sunday she had been at church since she came to the village, and the murmurous stir of a few full of girls in front of me, announced that they, too, were interested.

Miss Grace seemed just a little embarrassed; it was strange to her,—she felt the eyes upon her face,—but she was graceful, self-possessed, more beautiful than any face that had ever graced the old church before. Even the girls whispered to each other, "She is handsome."

The smile she gave me after service repaid me for the ennui I had suffered through a seemingly endless sermon. I was silly enough to be very angry that the young men should look at her as they did; they all admired her, and it exasperated me.

The days of that last autumn month ran rapidly on. I went to the little social gatherings, the lectures, the singing-schools, because Miss Grace went to them. At first I stood somewhat aloof; bolder young men talked with her more than I did. She was a great favourite with all; even the girls liked her. The sudden flashes of unique simplicity charmed them, and dissipated envy. Evening after evening, I had seen one handsome young fellow monopolise her attention, and walk home with her. The fact actually made me morose.

One night I managed to sit beside her at a singing school. The cold night air had given a soft, warm blush to her face. I had thought that I liked her paler better than any colour, but the colour made her brilliant. Two or three drooping leaves of geranium were in the braids of her hair. That perfume ever after brought her to my mind more vividly than anything else could do. I seemed gifted with a power to move and act my natural self, and I allowed no one else to approach her that night. As we walked home beneath the clear glinting light of the stars, I noticed that she had become almost silent. Did my presence oppress and bore her? It was too cruel to believe.

"I hope I am not defrauding Harlowe of any right you have given him, by thus taking possession of you," I said, at last.

She looked up; her eyes smiled. "If I had given him a right, you could not defraud him of it," she said.

"Then it is not his presence that you regret?" I said, feeling my soul in my eyes as I spoke. "You are lonely, home-sick, perhaps, for the warm land of your birth. Do you find cold hearts in this cold clime of ours?" Were there tears in her eyes? I drew the hand on my arm still closer. I longed for the right to comfort her. In a moment she raised her eyes; there was no moisture there then, and her voice was sweet and unshaken.

"The hearts are warm, I believe, Mr. Lyons; but sometimes it seems as though I were transported into some frozen region—some place where there is nothing akin to me, and I shiver with undiminished fear. That is foolish, I know."

We had reached the gate where I must leave her. I retained the hand in close clasp.

"Oh, do not say there is nothing akin to you here. Miss Grace, that leaves me in the land of strangers; I cannot bear that."

The earnestness with which I spoke called a colour to her cheeks that had so lately paled.

"Recall that sentence," I pleaded.

"Do you really wish it?" she asked.

"Yes; it is exile for me."

She withdrew her hand from mine, but she spoke softly, "I recall it."

I knew that I ought to go, but I still lingered.

"Mrs. Thaxton said that you were going to M—to-morrow. May I take you in my cutter?"

How I feared lest she should refuse that simple request! But she did not, and I walked home elated with the prospect of a prolonged tête-à-tête with her.

"Aren't you going to work this afternoon?" my mother asked, as I came down in my best clothes, instead of my working suit.

"I am going to carry Miss Grace over to M—," I said. I feared some dampening remark. It came.

"Miss Grace is very kind to the young men."

"Is she?"

"Have you heard whether that report about her having a lover in Boston was true or not?" she asked.

"No, I have not." I went out, shutting the door with violence. Now I half-wished I was not going to ride with Miss Grace; I felt sufficient bitterness to make me wretched all the afternoon. Banishing with an effort the gloom from my face, I greeted Miss Grace in my usual manner, only somewhat more constrained. But the quiet geniality, the sweet grace of her appearance, charmed away my reserve. For these few hours, at least, I would be happy.

The air had been growing colder and colder—the snow creaked under the sleigh; but after an hour's sitting by the warm fireside of our friends in M—, and an addition of extra wraps, we started home with no fear of the cold.

A grey vapour was rising in the west, and gradually over-spreading the sky; a biting wind from the north-east swept over the road, cold and merciless. It was only for my companion that I feared; for my self, I was familiar with the fierce cold of our winters.

"Call all your fortitude, all your endurance, Miss Grace," I said, "for to a child of the sunny East this must be almost unendurable."

"If I were only warm," she replied, in a smothered voice from under her muffling, "I should think this grand. You see, it's beginning to snow, and a snow storm is still a novelty to me."

I could not feel as cheerful as she spoke. Night was fast coming, and a furious north-east snow storm seemed commencing, but what I began really to fear was the intensity of the cold. I urged my horse till he flew over the snowy road—but it seemed a long way home. I thought of returning, and passing the night in M—, and mentioned the thought to Miss Grace. I do not think she had a correct idea of the distance, for she said, "As you please; but I should feel very much as if we had surrendered to the Storm-King, and I never should be able to do battle with him again."

Night and the storm came on apace. My horse began to lag through the thick coming snow. We had reached that part of our journey where there were no houses. Lonely pasture lands or woods stretched away on either side. Now we were in a little

sheltered valley, then up again on the windy hill. The cold was intense. I began to fear it myself, and feel it, too, accustomed as I again, a intensity. My hands were almost senseless; I beat them against my thighs. My hands were almost senseless; I beat them against my thighs. My hands were almost senseless; I beat them against my thighs.

"I feared you might be feeling the effects of this cold," she said, looking at my hands.

"How does it affect you?"

"Very strangely," she said slowly, in a low voice. "It is harder to bear than I thought; but I don't suffer so much as I did."

Her words pierced my heart like a knife. I threw my arm about her; I drew her close to me.

"Miss Grace, rouse yourself. Oh, for heaven's sake, do not yield to that feeling of rest and peace that is coming to you. It is death. Throw it from you."

Her head sank on my shoulder; her breath sighed over my face, and thrilled me even then.

"Oh, it is sweet! Let me sleep!" she murmured.

Would she sleep to death in my arms? But she must live, if not for me, for the man whom she might bless with her love.

Half benumbed myself, I seemed to possess not half my usual power. What could I do in battle against that insidious foe? I rudely withdrew my arm, I pulled her gloves from her hands, and roughly rubbed the tender fingers with snow; the severe friction caused some pain, and brought some animation to her face, as I could tell by the voice in which she said, "Is this feeling which I experience dangerous, Mr. Lyons?"

"It is the sleep of death!" I said, with my soul in my voice.

"As you love life, as you value the happiness of those who love you, rouse yourself. Stand up in the sleigh, stamp your feet, swing your arms. Do not keep still!"

She obeyed me; the first movement caused an exclamation of pain, but for a moment I would not let her desist. She sat down.

"Mr. Lyons!" Her voice was faint and low. I bent my head to hear. "Unless we can reach shelter soon, I shall be obliged to yield. It is really beyond my endurance."

I could not speak; my heart was weeping tears of blood. I could have offered her the liberation of my life, could that have mitigated the agony I knew she was suffering. I remembered the log cabin of a woodcutter and his wife. I had seen it perched upon the side of one of these hills. I had watched for it ever since having entered upon the deserted road. I knew that, unless a light burned within, I could not find it; even then it might be doubtful. I thought that, notwithstanding my efforts, which I did not for one instant remit, if I did not soon find shelter, Miss Grace would yield to the cold that sought her. Her vigorous will could not long sustain the attacks upon a frame always unused to cold.

My straining eyes were at last rewarded by the faint glimmer of a light through the storm. Fiercely, impatiently, I urged my tired horse up to the door. With Miss Grace in my arms, I tried to enter. At first the inmates were startled by an imperative summons, but in a moment they unbarred the door, revealing the ruddy glow of the fire within. Motionless, senseless, I laid Runce on the wooden settle, where the yellow light played over her ice-cold face.

The woman who had welcomed us understood the treatment needed to restore animation to the almost pulseless form. She had a fire built in the inner room, and took Runce there. All night she watched and worked, and when morning came, the smile in the languid eyes of her patient would have rewarded hours of even greater anxiety.

Early in the morning I rode home, to tell the story to the fearing ones who had waited through the dark hours for us.

Two or three months after that fearful night, I stood alone with Runce in the little parlour at Deacon Thaxton's. I stood holding her hands in mine, looking down at eyes that shone sweet and humid through tears which were not of sorrow.

"And the absent lover is a myth?" I said.

"Yes, and always was."

"But the present one—"

"You know; I have told you; the present one has my love."

And with the love of Runce Grace my happiness is sure.

NEW WORKS.

BREACH OF FAITH IN INDIA; OR, SIR JOHN LAWRENCE'S POLICY IN OUDH. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—The title of this pamphlet is quite sufficient to show the nature of its contents. There is much truth and sound argument in what it advances, and being based on documents both public and private, those interested in our Indian affairs will do well to peruse the pamphlet carefully.

THE STEAM HAMMER. By T. S. ROWLANDSON. Hooles: A. Shuttleworth.—The subject matter of this little work was delivered as a lecture by its author at the Mechanics' Institution, at Patricroft, and excited so much attention that it was reprinted in the form now issued. It appears that Mr. Rowlandson has for the past twenty years held a responsible position at the Bridgewater Foundry, Patricroft, and is therefore thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the rise and progress of the steam hammer. The difficulties which first beset the path of Mr. Nasmyth in bringing the steam hammer to perfection are fully set forth, and afford another proof of what may be overcome by perseverance. We heartily recommend the pamphlet to our mechanical readers.

ODDS AND ENDS, NO. II.—CONVICTS. By A. PRACTICAL HAND. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas.—Those interested in prison discipline, or who may wish for an insight into the class of individuals of which this little work treats, namely, convicts, will find much interesting matter in the thirty-two pages, given forth by a "Practical Hand," not, however, by the practical hand of a thief; but by one who has had much to do with thieves both in and out of prison.

S. W. SILVER and Co's EMIGRATION CIRCULAR. London: 8 and 4, Bishopsgate-street Within.—This month's Circular is full of useful information to intending emigrants. It gives full details of the prices of provisions, rates of wages, and other interesting matter; also a long list of vessels now loading in the various ports, their tonnage, date of sailing, &c.

THE GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN 1865. London: K. Burt, Holborn-hill and Crystal Palace.—The programme of this great musical event is now ready, issued in the form of a pamphlet. All the arrangements are here duly set forth, and all information required to be known will be found in its pages.

NEW MUSIC.

MATILDA TOOTS. Comic Song. Written by WATKIN WILLIAMS. Music by CHARLES SOLOMON. London: Hopwood and Crew, 42, New Bond-street.—This, without exception, is one of the best comic songs we have seen published for a long time. Unlike many of the comic songs of the present day, this one tells an amusing story in a short and pretty manner, and in language free from all slang and vulgarity. The music is lively and quite original, which is another commendation. The chorus is especially catching; and, doubtless, we shall soon have "Oh, Matilda Toots!" ringing in our ears as familiar as "Polly Perkins" was a short time since.

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A DESIRABLE SITE FOR THE BUILDING OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.—Out of sight.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—John Bull, Jonathan Bull.

A SUITABLE OCCUPATION FOR MR. BRIGHT.—A reform-story.

WHAT'S THE LATIN INVOCATION TO SARAH TO ascend to the upper part of the mansion?—*Atticum Sal*. What religion is a mute?—He is a Sadducee (sad-you-see).

A DRAMATIC QUESTION.—Why is a short-hand writer like the husband of Imogen?—Because he's a symbolin' (Cymbeline).

OPERATIC GOSSIP.—Meyerbeer's last work is not to be produced just yet, in spite of the announcements. "L'Alfonsino" appears to be a sticker.

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "O, berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, massa, I had tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

SPOKEN LIKE A NATIVE.—Colchester is about to have a new journal—to be started on the limited liability principle. If the name has not yet been decided on we would suggest "Vinegar and Pepper," which would be certain to "go down" with the natives of Colchester.

THE SHORTEST WAY FOR THE AMERICA peace commissioners to have fulfilled their mission would have been to apply to each other the usual opprobrious epithets at their command. No one would have denied if they had done so but that they had "come to terms."

AFFECTED YOUNG LADY (seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaims)—"Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible." (Mother, lowering her eyes, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude says—"Kill it! kill it! It's the very thing that has been eating the book-marks.")

MEN.—Men are stoles in their early years, epicureans in their latter; roisins in youth, selfish in old age. In early life they believe all men honest, till they know them to be knaves; in late life they believe all to be knaves, till they know them to be honest. Thus, somehow or other, men pass from one of these extremes to the other.

WHAT HE DIDN'T LOVE.—A few days ago, a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter, to be bound apprentice to him, after the fashion of old times. In settling the business, the master, who was one of the stiff kind, observed, "Well, my boy, I suppose you can eat almost anything, can't you?" "I always make my boys live on what they don't like." "I love everything but minth and apple pie," replied the boy.

A MAN went into a beer-shop and called for a pint of ale. He drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the landlord if anything was the matter with the beer. The answer was that it was first-rate beer. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder. When he got to the bottom, seeing something in the measure, he asked what it was. "I declare," said the landlord, "I forgot to take out the soap when I shaved this morning."

OBJECTS OF GOVERNMENT.—What is the object of all Government? The object of all Government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean, the bold anthem of "Erie go breg?" A far better anthem would be, "Erie go bread and cheese, Erie go cabi s that will keep out the rain, Erie go pantaloon without holes in them."—*Sydney Smith*

CONUNDRUMS

Why has a clock always a bashful appearance?

—Because it keeps its hands before its face.

Why is a man with his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster?—Because he keeps his pupils in the dark.

Why is "Yes" the most ignorant word in the language?—Because it does not "no" (know) anything.

FEARFUL CATASTROPHE AT CROYDON.—For some time past a number of men have been engaged in forming a new branch in the Epson and Leatherhead line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and for that purpose they had to remove a passenger bridge that crossed the Wellesley-road, close to the Croydon Station.

The men had just finished their breakfast on Sunday morning, and proceeded to the bridge in order to pull it down before the trains commenced running, which would be at one o'clock. They had a powerful steam-engine at work, and they were going to bore a hole through the centre of the bridge for the purpose of adjusting a chain, which they intended to fix to the engine and so to pull the bridge to pieces. Scarcely had the men, fourteen in number, begun to make the hole, before the whole mass fell down with a fearful crash, burying beneath it five of the unfortunate men.

A number of persons were at once set to work in removing the ruins, and in a short time after they extricated their comrades—two of them dead, and three others in a most precarious state. Medical aid was immediately sought for, and Dr. Cole, of Croydon, was soon on the spot. The three men who were living were sent to the Gay's Hospital. The names and extent of the injuries of the unfortunate men are as follows:—George Mills, the foreman, who was acting as timekeeper, killed; William Edwards, also killed; the former was completely cut in two, half his body remaining on the top of the brick-work and the other part being found buried in the rubbish. George Dolby, Jacob Begley, and John Moore were taken to the hospital, but Begley died an hour and a half after his admission, the bones of his legs being entirely smashed to pieces, and the other two sufferers lie in a most precarious state. Henry Perry had only a few scratches, and the other men escaped unhurt.

A DISASTER IN INDIA.

THE Indian papers are unanimous in regarding the Bhootan expedition as a complete failure. The *Calcutta Englishman* says that it was mismanaged from the very commencement, and that the only result that could have been expected has followed upon "incompetency and ignorance." "The men were despised and laughed at as wretched curs who had not even the courage to fight for their independence (it adds) have turned upon us and driven our trained native soldiers from the posts which, according to the Bengal Government, could be safely left to the care of the police. All the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the right centre column, the left centre, the centre, the Armstrong battery, the mortars, all the appliances of modern engineering skill, have been to what?—the evacuation of two of the forts, over the easy capture of which there had been so much rejoicing. And, unfortunately, we can scarcely, even in the instance of Derangiri, call it evacuation. It was something far worse. Rumours were all at that the true colours of the affair were even darker than they had been painted, and we regret to say that these rumours are confirmed by our own letters since received. It is not pleasant to have to say of a force commanded by British officers—but, like a good many other unpleasant things, it seems to be true—that the so-called evacuation was a disgraceful retreat, the consequence of a still more disgraceful panic, and best described by the Americans as a "skedaddle."

At last advice we learn that strong reinforcements, including an entire British regiment, the 80th, had been ordered up to the seat of war; and that Brigadier-General Tombs, commanding at Gwalior, had been appointed to the supreme command in the Bhootan Doore, and ordered to join without delay.

The following is an extract from the second edition (page 188) of the Translation of the *Parasacopos* of the Royal College of Physicians, of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—"It is no small defect in this compilation (the asking of the Pharmacopoeia) that we have to know that humoral blood contains not only the acids, except it be in the form of COCKLES PILLS, which chiefly consist of acids, camphor, and colophony, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a muscular purge, a mucous purge, and a hygroscopic purge combined, and their efforts properly controlled by a stringent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce morbidities, like most other pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."—[Advertisement]

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